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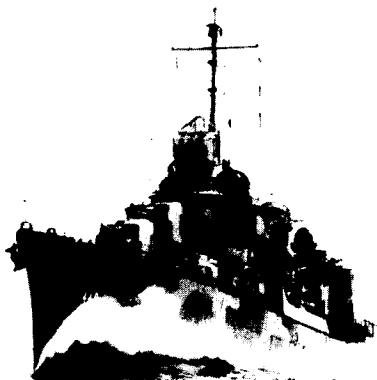
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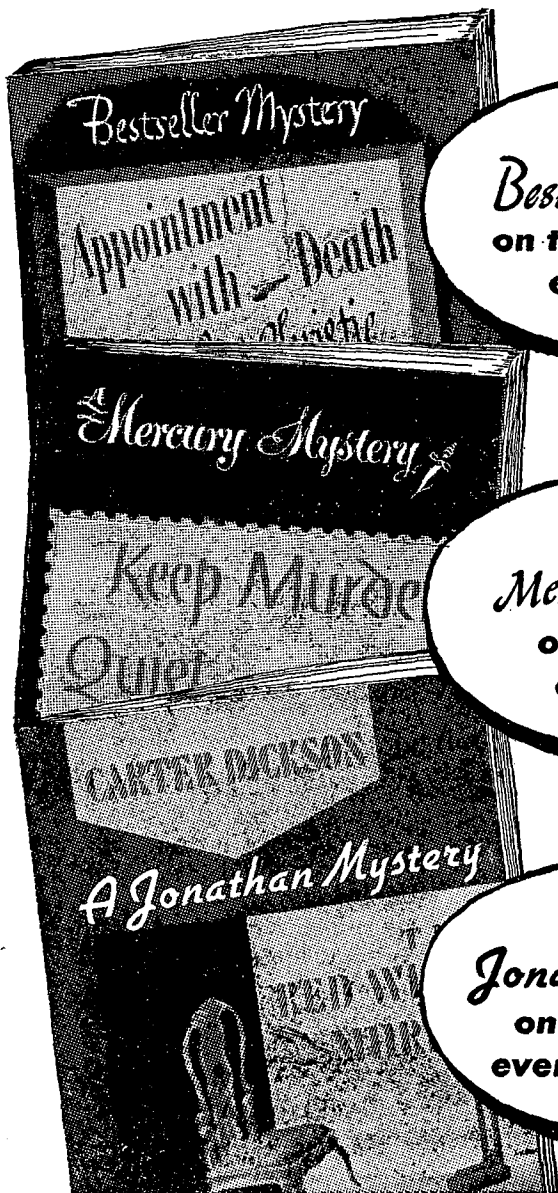


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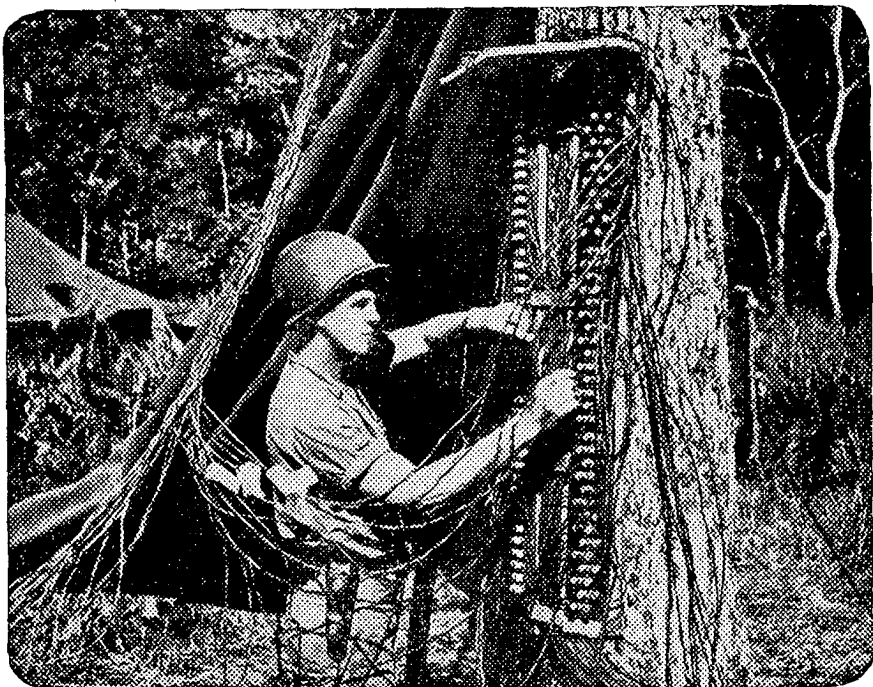
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Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscriptions, \$3.00 in U. S. and possessions, and in the countries of the Pan American Union; \$3.50 in Canada. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Printed in the U. S. A. Copyright 1945 by The American Mercury, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all other countries

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THE GENTLEMEN TALK OF PEACE, by William B. Ziff. \$3.00. Macmillan. Mr. Ziff approaches the problem of postwar peace with the conviction that the central issue of our civilization is not the capital-labor relationship, competitive finance, nationalism, or religious differences, but "the far more fundamental one of adjusting the aging political and social forces of society to its new economic and industrial needs." In a brilliant, learned and very readable historical survey, which occupies the larger portion of his book, Mr. Ziff analyzes the major causes of war in past times, bringing to his discussion funds of information that hitherto were available chiefly to specialists. He thinks that the best hope for the future peace of the world lies in the organization of all the nations into five major self-sustaining communities. "Each of the proposed commonwealths would have all the attributes of the universal State and would be that State in miniature," and "for a period of years the true burden of such a set-up would be carried by the Western World." Mr. Ziff goes into considerable detail on the subject of the "Union of the West," but he is far from dogmatic, and insists only on the general philosophy underlying his plan.

THE VIGIL OF A NATION, by Lin Yutang. \$2.75. John Day. Dr. Lin spent six months of the 1943-1944 autumn and spring traveling through China, and here in more or less travelogue form he presents his impressions. He brings back bad and good tidings. The Chinese are in many ways near the end of their rope, but they are as sanguine of victory as ever and just as ready as at any time in the past seven years to make sacrifices in the struggle against Japan. Maladministration and bureaucracy still plague the land, but there is also evident a new sense of the importance of industrialization, and, in fact, several native industrial geniuses have made their appearance of late. As for the Chiang Kai-shek-Communist problem, Dr. Lin is violent

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— yet very persuasive — in his denunciation of the Communists and urges the whole Western world to side with Chiang Kai-shek. He writes with his usual clarity and urbanity. Altogether a book of great importance.

BLACK BOY, by Richard Wright. \$2.50. *Harper*. *Black Boy* is not fiction but the honest story of heartbreak that was Richard Wright's own childhood and youth on a Mississippi plantation. Amid insecurity, poverty and fear, came the "unreasonable" hope of the young Negro boy to better his own lot — to emancipate himself from the shackles of injustice and prejudice. Because he writes with such profound sincerity and restraint — out of the strong necessity of his own experience — Mr. Wright has presented his readers with a compelling and forthright challenge that should carry even greater impact than *Native Son*.

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN, by Helen and George Papashvily. \$2.00. *Harper*. This is advertised by the publishers as a hilariously funny book. But for those who read between the lines, it is much more than a hodge podge of fantastic adventures. Indeed, under the custard-pie hurly burly of George Papashvily's Americanization, it is a touching and tender story. His efforts to find himself, first as a worker in industry, later as a farmer, and his marriage to an American, provide profoundly revealing comments on the passing scene. With their clipped shorthand style which apparently murders the King's English, the authors have by some mysterious alchemy produced a prose poem of considerable beauty and power.

SOLDIER TO CIVILIAN, by George K. Pratt, M.D. \$2.50. *Whittlesey House*. The author of *Your Mind and You* brings wide psychiatric and military experience to bear on the problems of the returning soldier who must resume his status as a civilian. Family life, marital relations, community position and vocational adjustment of the serviceman are frankly and concretely handled — with special attention directed to the man who comes home with a physical or psychiatric handicap. Written with a full measure of understanding and sound recommendation, Dr. Pratt's

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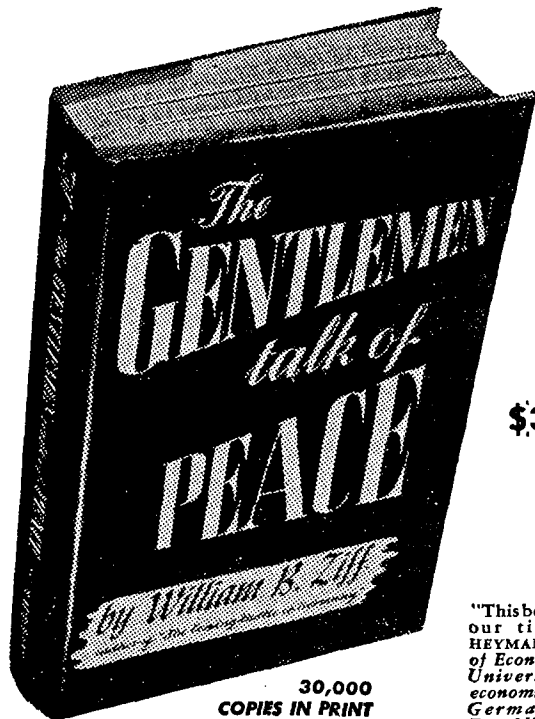
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The American MERCURY

TWELVE YEARS OF ROOSEVELT

BY HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

Few administrations in all our history have brought forth as much praise and violent criticism as those of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Yet no one doubts that he and the New Deal will be given an important place by future historians. We have therefore asked two authorities to discuss the past twelve years in historical perspective from opposite points of view. Professor Commager in this article maintains that President Roosevelt and the New Deal will occupy an exalted position in our annals. In a future issue we plan to print an article by an equally eminent authority who takes a different point of view. — THE EDITORS.

Now that the bitter controversies over New Deal policies have been drowned out by the clamor of war, it is possible to evaluate those policies in some historical perspective. And now that the outcome of this war which is to determine the future of democracy and of America's rôle in world affairs, is certain, it is possible to interpret something of the significance of the foreign policy, or program, of

the Roosevelt administrations. Those policies, domestic and foreign, have been four times decisively endorsed by large popular majorities: so fully have they been translated into accomplished and irrevocable facts that controversy about them is almost irrelevant. It should be possible to fix, if not with finality, at least with some degree of accuracy, the place occupied by Roosevelt in American history.

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER is professor of history at Columbia University and a member of the War Department's Committee on the History of the War. He is the author of *Majority Rule and Minority Rights* and the co-author of *The Growth of the American Republic* and *The Heritage of America*.

That this place still seems clouded by controversy and bitterness cannot be denied. Yet this, too, is part of the picture and has its own significance. The Washington, the Jefferson, the Jackson, the Lincoln, the Wilson administrations, too, were characterized by controversy and bitterness; it is only the administrations of mediocre men like Monroe, Arthur, Harrison, that are memorable for placidity. The explanation of the controversy and especially of the bitterness is, however, less rational. It is a two-fold one: contemporaries tended to see in both the domestic and foreign policies of Roosevelt an abrupt and even revolutionary break with the past; they tended to personalize those policies, to regard them as largely an expression of Roosevelt's character, to focus all their attention — both their devotion and their hatred — on the man in the White House rather than on the groundswell of opinion to which he gave expression.

We can see now that the "Roosevelt revolution" was no revolution, but rather the culmination of half a century of historical development, and that Roosevelt himself, though indubitably a leader, was an instrument of the popular will rather than a creator of, or a dictator to, that will. Indeed, the two major issues of the Roosevelt administration — the domestic issue of the extension of government control for democratic purposes, and the international issue of the rôle of America as a world power — emerged in the 1890's, and a longer

perspective will see the half-century from the 1890's to the present as an historical unit. The roots of the New Deal, the origins of our participation in this war, go deep down into our past, and neither development is comprehensible except in terms of that past.

What was really but a new deal of the old cards looked, to startled and dismayed contemporaries, like a revolution for two reasons: because it was carried through with such breathless rapidity, and because in spirit at least it contrasted so sharply with what immediately preceded. But had the comparison been made not with the Coolidge-Hoover era, but with the Wilson, the Theodore Roosevelt, even the Bryan era the contrast would have been less striking than the similarities. Actually, precedents for the major part of New Deal legislation was to be found in these earlier periods. Regulation of railroads and of business dated back to the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887 and the Sherman Act of 1890, and was continuous from that time forward. The farm relief program of the Populists, and of Wilson anticipated much that the Roosevelt administrations enacted. The beginnings of conservation can be traced to the Carey Act of 1894 and the Reclamation Act of 1902, and the first Roosevelt did as much as the second to dramatize — though less to solve — the problem of conserving natural resources.

Power regulation began with the Water Power Act of 1920; supervision

over securities exchanges with grain and commodities exchange acts of the Harding and Coolidge administrations; while regulation of money is as old as the Union, and the fight which Bryan and Wilson waged against the "Money Power" and Wall Street was more bitter than anything that came during the New Deal. The policy of reciprocity can be traced to the Republicans, Blaine and McKinley. Labor legislation had its beginnings in such states as Massachusetts and New York over half a century ago, while much of the program of social security was worked out in Wisconsin and other states during the second and the third decades of the new century.

There is nothing remarkable about this, nor does it detract in any way from the significance of President Roosevelt's achievements and contributions. The pendulum of American history swings gently from right to left, but there are no sharp breaks in the rhythm of our historical development; and it is to the credit of Roosevelt that he worked within the framework of American history and tradition.

II

What, then, are the major achievements, the lasting contributions, of the first three Roosevelt administrations? First, perhaps, comes the restoration of self-confidence, the revivification of the national spirit, the reassertion of faith in democracy. It is irrelevant to argue whether these

things were achieved by Roosevelt, or whether they came, rather, as a result of extraneous forces — as needless as to argue whether Jackson really was concerned with the rise of the common man, or Lincoln with abolition, or the first Roosevelt with reform. These things are irrevocably associated with their administrations, and it is safe to prophesy that the revival of faith in democracy, after a long decade of materialism and cynicism, will be associated with Franklin Roosevelt.

More, a strong case can be made out for the propriety of that association. "The only thing we need to fear," said Mr. Roosevelt on assuming the Presidency, "is fear itself. . . . We face the arduous days that lie before us in the warm courage of national unity; with the clear consciousness of seeking old and precious moral values; with the clean satisfaction that comes from the stern performance of duty." And during twelve years of office, Mr. Roosevelt did not abate his confidence in "the future of essential democracy" or in the capacity of the American people to rise to any challenge, to meet any crisis, domestic or foreign. Those who lived through the electric spring of 1933 will remember the change from depression and discouragement to excitement and hope; those able to compare the last decade with previous decades will agree that interest in public affairs has rarely been as widespread, as alert, or as responsive.

All this may be in the realm of the intangible. If we look to more tangible

things, what does the record show? Of primary importance has been the physical rehabilitation of the country. Notwithstanding the splendid achievements of the Theodore Roosevelt administrations, it became clear, during the twenties and thirties, that the natural resources of the country — its soil, forests, water power — were being destroyed at a dangerous rate. The development of the Dust Bowl, and the migration of the Oakies to the Promised Land of California, the tragic floods on the Mississippi and the Ohio, dramatized to the American people the urgency of this problem.

Roosevelt tackled it with energy and boldness. The Civilian Conservation Corps enlisted almost three million young men who planted seventeen million acres in new forests, built over six million check dams to halt soil erosion, fought forest fires and plant and animal diseases. To check erosion the government organized a co-operative program which enlisted the help of over one-fourth the farmers of the country and embraced 270 million acres of land, provided for the construction of a series of huge dams and reservoirs, and planned the creation of a hundred-mile-wide shelter belt of trees on the high plains. The Resettlement Administration moved farmers off marginal lands and undertook to restore these to usefulness. More important than all this, was the TVA, a gigantic laboratory for regional reconstruction. Though much of this program owes its inspiration to the past, the contrast between the New

Deal and what immediately preceded it cannot be better illustrated than by reference to Hoover's characterization of the Muscle Shoals bill of 1931 as not "liberalism" but "degeneration."

Equally important has been the New Deal achievement in the realm of human rehabilitation. Coming into office at a time when unemployment had reached perhaps fourteen million, and when private panaceas had ostentatiously failed, it was perhaps inevitable that Roosevelt should have sponsored a broad program of government aid. More important than bare relief, was the acceptance of the principle of the responsibility of the state for the welfare and security of its people — for employment, health and general welfare.

That this principle was aggressively and bitterly opposed now seems hard to believe: its establishment must stand as one of the cardinal achievements of the New Deal. Beginning with emergency legislation for relief, the Roosevelt program in the end embraced the whole field of social security — unemployment assistance, old age pensions, aid to women and children, and public health. Nor did it stop with formal "social security" legislation. It entered the domains of agriculture and labor, embraced elaborate programs of rural rehabilitation, the establishment of maximum hours and minimum wages, the prohibition of child labor; housing reform, and, eventually, enlarged aid to education. Under the New Deal the noble term "commonwealth" was given a more

realistic meaning than ever before in our history.

That to Roosevelt the preservation of democracy was closely associated with this program for social and economic security is inescapably clear. He had learned well the moral of recent continental European history: that given a choice between liberty and bread, men are sorely tempted to choose bread. The task of democracy, as he conceived it, was to assure both. In a fireside chat of 1938 he said:

Democracy has disappeared in several other great nations, not because the people of those nations disliked democracy, but because they had grown tired of unemployment and insecurity, of seeing their children hungry while they sat helpless in the face of government confusion and government weakness through lack of leadership in government. Finally, in desperation, they chose to sacrifice liberty in the hope of getting something to eat. We in America know that our democratic institutions can be preserved and made to work. But in order to preserve them we need . . . to prove that the practical operation of democratic government is equal to the task of protecting the security of the people. . . . The people of America are in agreement in defending their liberties at any cost, and the first line of that defense lies in the protection of economic security.

III

In the political realm the achievements of the New Deal were equally notable. First we must note the steady trend towards the strengthening of government and the expansion of government activities — whether for weal or for woe only the future can

tell. As yet no better method of dealing with the crowding problems of modern economy and society has revealed itself, and it can be said that though government today has, quantitatively, far greater responsibilities than it had a generation or even a decade ago, it has, qualitatively, no greater power. For our Constitutional system is intact, and all power still resides in the people and their representatives in Congress, who can at any moment deprive their government of any power.

But we seem to have solved, in this country, the ancient problem of the reconciliation of liberty and order; we seem to have overcome our traditional distrust of the state and come to a realization that a strong state could be used to benefit and advance the commonwealth. That is by no means a New Deal achievement, but it is a development which has gained much from the experience of the American people with their government during the Roosevelt administrations.

It has meant, of course, a marked acceleration of the tendency towards Federal centralization. This tendency had been under way for a long time before Roosevelt came to office: a century ago liberals were deploring the decline of the states and the growth of the power of the national government. That under the impact first of depression and then of war it has proceeded at a rapid rate since 1933 cannot be denied. It is apparent in the administrative field, with the growth of bureaus and departments and

civil servants — and of the budget! It is apparent in the legislative field, with the striking extension of Federal authority into the fields of labor, agriculture, banking, health, education and the arts. It is apparent in the executive field with the immense increase in the power of the President. And it has been ratified by the judiciary with the acceptance and application of a broad construction of the Constitution.

Yet it cannot be said that this Federal centralization has weakened the states or local communities. What we are witnessing is a general increase in governmental activities — an increase in which the states share — witness any state budget at present. And it can be argued, too, that political centralization strengthens rather than weakens local government and the health of local communities. For if we look below forms to realities we can see that during the last decade Federal aid to farmers, to home-owners, to labor, Federal assistance in road-building, education and public health, has actually restored many communities to financial and economic health. It is by no means certain that community sentiment is weaker today than it was a generation ago.

Along with Federal centralization has gone a great increase in the power of the executive. The charge that Roosevelt has been a dictator can be dismissed, along with those hoary charges that Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, and Wilson were dictators. American politics sim-

ply doesn't run to dictators. But Roosevelt has been a "strong" executive — as every great democratic President has been a strong executive. There is little doubt that the growing complexity of government plays into the hands of the executive; there is little doubt that Roosevelt accepted this situation cheerfully. Today Roosevelt exercises powers far vaster than those contemplated by the Fathers of the Constitution, as vast, indeed, as those exercised by the head of any democratic state in the world. Yet it cannot fairly be asserted that any of these powers has been exercised arbitrarily, or that the liberties of Americans are not so safe today as at any other time.

Two other political developments under the New Deal should be noted. The first is the revitalization of political parties; the second the return of the Supreme Court to the great tradition of Marshall, Story, Miller and Holmes. Four observations about political parties during the last decade are in order. First, the danger that our parties might come to represent a particular class or section or interest was avoided: both major parties retained — after the election of 1936 — a broad national basis. Second, minor parties all but disappeared: in the elections of 1940 and 1944 the minor parties cast less than 1 per cent of the total vote — the first time this happened since 1872. Third, legislation such as the Hatch Act diminished the possibility that any party might come to be controlled by powerful vested interests or by patronage. And finally, with the or-

ganization of the PAC in the campaign of 1944, labor for the first time in our history became an important factor in elections; and labor chose to work within the framework of existing parties rather than, as elsewhere, to organize its own party.

The New Deal, as far as can be foreseen, is here to stay: there seems no likelihood of a reversal of any of the major developments in politics in the last twelve years. This was recognized by the Republicans in 1940 and again in 1944, for both platforms endorsed all the essentials of the New Deal and confined criticism to details and administration. How far the reforms and experiments of the Roosevelt era will be carried is a hazardous question. That the program of conservation will be continued and enlarged seems obvious. A recent Congress, to be sure, cavalierly ended the life of the National Resources Planning Board, but the present Congress seems disposed to undertake a Missouri Valley development along the lines of the TVA, and doubtless other "little TVA's" are ahead. Social security, too, will be maintained and possibly enlarged: whether it will come to embrace socialized medicine or a broad rehousing program is more dubious.

There may be a reaction against some of the labor legislation of the New Deal, but labor's newly discovered political power would seem to make that unlikely. It is improbable that there will be any relaxation of governmental peacetime controls over business, banking, securities, power,

though here a change in taxation policies may do much to stimulate private enterprise and create an appearance of a shift away from New Deal practices. Federal centralization, which has been under way so long, is doubtless here to stay; planning, imperatively required by war, will in all probability wear off its faintly pink tinge, and flourish as a peacetime technique. And, finally, it seems probable that the restoration of the dignity of politics and statecraft, which came with 1933, will survive.

Today it is foreign affairs rather than domestic policy that commands our most agitated attention. Here, too, the large outlines of the Roosevelt achievements are clear, though the details are blurred and the future projection uncertain.

IV

The problem of America's rôle in world affairs has been with us in one form or another since Colonial days. Then, we are sometimes inclined to forget, we were heavily involved in the affairs of the Western world — but as victims, one might say, rather than as independent participants. Our War for Independence was a world war; our War of 1812 was part of another world war. Between 1815 and the 1890's we achieved, or fancied that we achieved, some degree of isolation, but for two out of three centuries of our history we have been inextricably entangled in world affairs. In the 1890's we aggressively assumed a position as a world power, and the

roots of our present involvement trace back to that decade. It is unnecessary to rehearse the details of that emergence as a world power: the Spanish War, the acquisition of Hawaii and of the Philippines, the Open Door policy, the reassertion of the Monroe Doctrine and the addition of corollaries; the construction of a powerful navy, indirect participation in the Algeiras Conference and intervention to end the Russo-Japanese War. All these and other indications dramatized the fact that the United States was a world power, with world-wide interests.

Since that time isolation has been a delusion. How futile that delusion was, was revealed by our participation in the first World War; how profound and widespread it was, was confessed in the retreat of the twenties — the refusal to join the League or the World Court, the withdrawal from the Far East, the gestures towards economic self-sufficiency, the adolescent disillusionment with the world.

Reflected on the background of a half-century of experience, Roosevelt's understanding of the responsibility of America as a world power seems logical and obvious; contrasted with the half-baked and half-witted isolationism of the twenties it becomes not only creditable but impressive. The international problems of the thirties were at once more complex and more urgent than those of any previous decade.

Future generations may indeed wonder that Americans of the thirties

could have been paralyzed by hesitation and doubt, and may find in the neutrality legislation of 1935-37 one of the most intriguing enigmas of history; the historian can but record that opinion was divided, that the majority seemed to approve of this legislation, and that this majority included its share of the intelligent and the sincere.

We know now that from the time Japan struck in Manchuria and Hitler entered the Rhineland the issue confronting the United States was one of ultimate survival. It is to the credit of President Roosevelt that he sensed this from the beginning, that his record of hostility to what Hitler represented is clear and consistent, and that from 1937 on he sought ceaselessly to rally American opinion against totalitarianism and to prepare America for the test that finally came. Campaign orators have lamented that he was not more outspoken than he was, that he did not take more aggressive steps, make more energetic preparations.

These critics conveniently forgot that Roosevelt was consistently ahead of public opinion — witness the reaction to the Quarantine speech of 1937 — and that in a democracy public opinion is the ultimate tribunal to which even a President must bow. And those who think that America was inexcusably unready for war in December 1941 should compare our readiness then with our pitiful state of unreadiness in April 1917 — after almost three years of warning.

V

Roosevelt's foreign policy has, indeed, over a period of twelve years, a remarkable consistency — a consistency sometimes concealed from us by specific and minor aberrations. From the beginning he worked within the framework of the American system and respected the limitations of American politics. He did not attempt to reopen the issue of the League; he conceded defeat on the issue of the World Court; he accepted — though as we now know reluctantly — neutrality legislation. With reference to the European and Pacific problem he did what he could. He kept the record straight, insisted upon the validity of the principles involved, educated the American people to the underlying issues, set our domestic house in order, and pushed forward a naval building program. When the test came, there was much still to be done; there was nothing to retract.

From 1939 on, both the material and the moral achievements were of inestimable importance. On the material side the achievement was spectacular. There was the destroyer-bases deal which at once strengthened Britain in her heroic struggle against the Nazis and America in her self-defense. There was the Lend-Lease program which made America a veritable arsenal of democracy and which may eventually be regarded as the decisive turning point of the war. There was the acquisition of bases in Greenland and Iceland, and the "shoot on sight"

order against German U-boats. There was the first peacetime conscription — the continuation of which was saved by a single vote in the lower House. There was the development of a vast and marvelously organized program of industrial mobilization — shipbuilding, munitions manufacture, airplane production. Without all this, it is safe to say, the war would have been lost.

The moral achievement will probably be better appreciated by future generations than by our own. Like Wilson, Roosevelt put the issues at once upon a moral plane, and kept them there: without Wilson's eloquence, Roosevelt had fundamentally the same philosophy — a philosophy fundamentally religious and moral. If the Atlantic Charter seems tarnished at the moment, we must remember that the Fourteen Points, too, came to seem tarnished. The tarnish rubs off. Roosevelt made clear, from the beginning, that this was more than a war for self-defense, a task which the Germans and Japanese made relatively easy for him. In a war message reminiscent of Wilson's he declared that

The true goal we seek is far above and beyond the ugly field of battle. When we resort to force, as now we must, we are determined that this force shall be directed toward ultimate good as well as against immediate evil. We Americans are not destroyers — we are builders. . . .

And in the dark hours of this day — and through dark days that may be yet to come — we will know that the vast majority of the members of the human race are

on our side. Many of them are fighting with us. All of them are praying for us. For, in representing our case, we represent theirs as well — our hope and their hope for liberty under God.

When war finally came, the nation was united — united as it had never been for any previous war. That the war has been fought with effectiveness and efficiency cannot be doubted: compared with any previous war in which our unmilitary people have been involved, compared even with World War I, this has been a very miracle of efficiency. The details need not detain us; the results are sufficient.

Yet one more observation needs to be made with respect to Roosevelt's foreign policy, and that has to do with his comprehension of the problems of the future. Like Wilson, Roosevelt has envisioned a postwar international organization empowered to maintain peace. He has, so far, managed to avoid most of the errors which helped defeat Wilson's plans. Instead of keeping aloof from our Allies, he has associated with them, thus laying the groundwork now for a group of united nations. Instead of postponing the practical details of international co-operation, he has sponsored a series of conferences — relief, currency, aviation, Dumbarton Oaks — looking to the creation, now, of machinery competent to the solution of the most pressing problems. Instead of regarding Russia as a menace or a broken reed, he has actively and enthusiastically co-operated with her. Instead of antagonizing the Senate, he has taken

the Senate and the American people into his confidence. Many problems still confront us and plague us, but that the outlook for an effective international order is more auspicious now than at any previous time in our history can scarcely be denied.

VI

And what, finally, of Roosevelt himself? It may seem too early to fix his position in our history, yet that position is reasonably clear. He takes his place in the great tradition of American liberalism, along with Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson. Coming to office at a time when the very foundations of the republic seemed threatened and when men were beginning to despair of the ability of a constitutional democracy to meet a crisis, he restored confidence and proved that democracy could act as effectively in crisis as could totalitarian governments. A liberal, he put government clearly at the service of the people; a conservative, he pushed through reforms designed to strengthen the natural and human resources of the nation, restore agriculture and business to its former prosperity, and save capitalism. He saw that problems of government were primarily political, not economic; that politics should control economy — not economy, politics; and that politics was an art as well as a science. He repudiated isolationism, demanded for America once more her proper station and responsibility in world affairs, and, after unifying

the American people on the major issues of aid to the democracies and war, furnished a war leadership bold, energetic and successful.

In all this Roosevelt was an opportunist — but an opportunist with a philosophy. He was the same kind of opportunist that Jefferson — that earlier “traitor to his class” — had been. The close view of Roosevelt has discovered numerous inconsistencies. But if we look back over Roosevelt’s long career in politics — beginning with his fight on the Tammany machine in 1910, we can see that amidst the hurly-burly of politics he has been unfalteringly consistent in his fundamental social and political philosophy. He has sought ends, and cheerfully adopted the “quarterback” technique with respect to means. And as the bitterness of particular controversies dies away, the larger outlines of his achievements during the past twelve years emerge with striking clarity. We can see that the promises of the New Deal platform of 1932 were carried out,

more fully perhaps than those of any party platform since that of Polk a century ago. We can see that the promises of the inaugural address were fulfilled. We can see that the democratic philosophy which Roosevelt asserted was applied and implemented. Under his leadership the American people withstood the buffetings of depression and the fearful trial of war, and emerged strong and respected, refreshed in their faith in democracy and in the ultimate triumph of justice in human affairs.

“The only sure bulwark of continuing liberty,” Roosevelt said, “is a government strong enough to protect the interests of the people, and a people strong enough and well enough informed to maintain its sovereign control over its government.”

The Roosevelt administration proved once more that it was possible for such a government to exist and such a people to flourish, and restored to the United States its position as “the hope of the human race.”



Definition —

Americanism is a question of principle, of purpose, of idealism, of character; . . . not a matter of birthplace, or creed, or line of descent.

— THEODORE ROOSEVELT

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY

BY HAL BORLAND

ADAM was the first countryman, and he was so lonely in his ancient garden that he gave up a rib that he might have companionship. Companionship inspired him to a study of nature's fruitfulness, and before he quite knew what had happened he found himself between the handles of a plow, his garden a farm, and work his lot. A little farther along in the story we find Adam's sons and grandsons building towns and cities to get away from it all. Then came the flood, and the fire.

I, too, am a countryman; but I am no Adam. My hands knew plow handles early and intimately, and now they turn instinctively to the ax, particularly if the woodpile is low and cold nights are closing in. I sprang from the country, and I returned to it because there is where I find my satisfactions. More of them, at least, than seem to come to me elsewhere.

There is, from time to time, a deal of palaver about the country. Country life is beautiful, it is leisurely, it is restful and quiet and a delightful change. This, mostly, from those who

have known a few weekends of country hospitality, when the hosts put aside the labor of everyday life and enjoyed themselves with their urban visitors. Or country life is drudging monotony and loneliness and underprivileged lack of the comforts and conveniences of our modern civilization. This, primarily, from those of sociological bent and one-eyed observation, who have looked too long on a tenant farmer and who see Jeeter Lester sprawled at the far end of every muddy lane.

The truth, of course, is somewhere between the two; and it depends not only on the observer but on the participant. Even the city has its slums; but it's not all slums or night clubs or homey apartments full of love, marriage and gurgling babies.

Country life happens to be a kind of reality that I can understand and respond to. It has certain elements of security and of continuity that appeal to me, and it has a meaning that makes sense. Most of all, I think, it bolsters my sense of proportion, which should be important in every way of life.

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Winter happens to be upon me just now. The gray birches on my hillside lean with the sighing wind, and the maples are naked against the winter sky. But I know that on those trees and on every bush beneath them are the buds that will green the whole woodland when the sun has swung a bit farther to the north again. Should there be any doubt, on some gray and dreary day, I can go out and cut a branch and bring it here to my fire-side and unfold the scales of any bud I choose, and find within, folded with magnificent economy, the leaf itself, miniature but perfect in its pattern.

Trees, I know, have been budding thus since the time that trees began on this earth; and I have no doubt that they will go on budding every spring, until there are no more seasons.

The moon just now is in its dark phase. But within the week there will be a new moon hung like an open ringlet of golden hair just above the western horizon. And two weeks after the new moon it will rise, full and round and breath-taking, in the east just after sunset. But it will wane again, and there will be another dark of the moon; and there will be full moons long after I have ceased to look for them.

This I know because the moon has been waxing and waning all my life, and all the lives of those behind me. True, I could watch it from anywhere on earth. But here it shines in my window and I can walk with it over my shoulder. I see it when I go to the woodshed to fuel my evening fire.

Then, too, I can follow the up-thrust of the big white oak beyond the woodpile and see the stars. There is the Pole Star, which gave my grandfather direction when he crossed the prairies toward a new land, and which guided me when I was young. The Vikings knew the Pole Star, and steered by it; and a boy of my own blood sets a course 10,000 feet above the earth by that unwavering star. Somehow it signifies a kinship with all those who have sought direction, and found it.

II

The oak itself has meaning. Its symmetry is that of the stars and the sun and the earth beneath my feet, for its bole is round; and if I follow its roundness there is no end, as there is no end to the seasons. It is rooted in the soil, and it reaches toward the stars. Its growth was slow, and in rhythm with the seasons. Its fiber is tough, far tougher than the fiber of gray birches which shoot up like weeds and lean with every wind and come crashing down under a sleet storm that leaves the oak untouched. And when the oak is at last brought down by ax or hurricane, it is still full of usefulness for the builder or lasting warmth for him who would use it to backlog his fire.

The oak grows at the foot of a stone wall which lies across my land. That wall is a history of many men before me. It is a history of the land itself. Some of the smooth boulders in it

were simmered into shape when the world was young and full of fire. Some were shaped by an ice sheet that came down across this land when men were still hiding in caves. I have found in that wall a shard of flint that may have yielded points for the spears of those men. Our fingerprints have mingled on that stone, mine and those of men who knew the great ice sheet.

Those stones knew, too, the sweat of a farmer's hands when corn grew where my house now stands, so long ago that trees have grown eighty feet above his fields since he left them. But he cleared the path of his plow, and he piled stone on stone and built a wall, and thus he left a mark upon the land. He was a humble man, but the words of men who called themselves great and could look down upon him have long been lost in the wind; his wall remains.

In spring the rains will come, and the trickling water will wash a bit more of this hillside down against that wall. Already the silt lies deep along its upper side, the depth of generations. And in the silt I can plant the seeds of a garden. I must get down on my knees to the earth to plant — that is the way of gardening, and it is good for the soul. I can loosen the soil and feed it and plant the seeds; but when I have done that I must trust to the season and the seed itself. Clever though I might be, I could never duplicate a seed or lure it to growth by holding it in my open palm. I am only a man, himself grown from a seed. It takes sun and soil and the seasons

to bring my corn or my tomato up from the earth and into flower and fruit.

But this I know: if I will but understand those forces and work with them and give of my own strength, they will provide me with security. Plant, and I can reap. Reap, and I can eat. These are laws of the earth, antedating society itself. Believe in their equity or not, I see them in action here; and I know that they cannot be legislated away or made inoperative by anybody's fiat. And I know, too, that in time of plenty or of harvest I must store away for the lean year and the barren season.

III

I spoke of country life as a kind of reality that I can understand and respond to. There is no pretense in a stone wall, or a wood pile, or a brook. I know what they are, what they were yesterday and what they will be tomorrow, and living with them I have come to know myself rather well. I do not have to pretend I am anything other than myself. That, I believe, leads to integrity; certainly it tends in that direction. And if any one thing can improve the lot of mankind, clarify those intricate interrelations which are known as social order, simplify our fumbling efforts to achieve civilization, that thing is integrity.

There is no bias in the land. The apple tree does not investigate my ancestry or my friendships before it

puts forth fertile blossoms or comes to fruit. The wind does not blow hot or cold according to my political or economic beliefs. The fire on my hearth does not refuse to burn because I cut the wood on some proscribed day or with an ax made by someone it does not approve. My place in this scheme of things is determined by my own reality, and only my own indolence or refusal to accept the simple facts of my surroundings can greatly change it for the worse.

And there is, here, a balance, a constant proportion of those things which are of enduring importance and those which will be gone and forgotten tomorrow. Some things I cannot change, no matter how I wish or try. A tree grows only so much each year. Ice forms when the temperature reaches a certain point. Spring arrives when the sun and the turning earth have put an end to winter. Some things I can change, if I put my mind and muscle to the job. I can cut a tree and let more sunlight into a dark corner of my house. I can plant a hedge that will lessen the blast of the winter wind. I can move rocks. I can even change the course of a brook. But eventually I shall be gone, and my whims, my needs, will be of no consequence. Trees will still grow, and fall, and rot away, and rocks will be heaved from their beds and split in twain by a few crystals of ice. These things I know, and I believe I have learned somewhat the importance of those matters I undertake. I believe I have learned, in some degree, what

things I can change and should try to change.

Man needs faith, faith in something beyond himself. When he can no longer reach out and find the substance of belief, he is lost. Belief demands continuity, the continuity of the spirit, the soul, or of some ascertainable order and enduring plan. Give a man such things and he can build on them, aspire and climb and find his satisfactions.

It has often been noted that when periods of turmoil and struggle are ended, man turns to the soil—or many men do. There they find a security, a continuing order, that they have so lacked during the upheaval. There they find healing comfort for tortured emotions and battered minds. There they find purpose. Not all of them, to be sure; for there are always those who cannot see what is around them, cannot open the pores of understanding. And there are those who have grown so far away from the enduring simplicities of the earth and its seasons that they can never return. They are often acutely uncomfortable when faced with the leisurely pace of a waxing moon or a growing season. The altar in the field is not for them.

But for others there always has been and always will be the land, the country. There they can find and renew the faith they so need. Belief grows there, and continuity is inherent. Who can plow and plant and reap and still lack belief? Who can see the rise of a tree from a seedling, the swing of the stars through the night

sky, the flow of trickling waters, and doubt that there is continuity and order? Who can scan the vista from a hilltop and lack the humility which makes him a greater man?

I am no Adam, as I said before. My plowing days are over. Or so I hope and believe. But I have a high respect for the plowman. He knows instinctively the things I have been long

in learning. They are a part of him, as he is a part of the country. I came back to a place where I could stand on the earth itself because I felt the need of such things, and here I have found them. Perhaps I treasure them more — I am quite sure that I do — because I looked so long for them elsewhere. Adam did not treasure them until he had lost them forever.



FUGITIVE

BY KAYE STARBIRD

THE wind tonight is one that I have known
Somewhere before when winds and I were younger.
It brings the scent of wet arbutus sown
Pale under last year's leaves. It brings the hunger
Of April to a mind that learned to let
No haunting spring waken its pain from sleeping.
Why is it that the wind must follow yet
The old dim paths down which I stumbled weeping
And seek to prod with memories and flowers
One whom it knew and loved so well of old?
I shall go in the house and bolt the doors
And draw the blinds, trusting the dark to hold
My secret. Maybe then the wind will say,
"She has forgotten love," and go away.

WASHINGTON DISCOVERS HOLLYWOOD

BY HERMAN A. LOWE

WASHINGTON has suddenly discovered that millions around the world obtain most of their ideas about the United States from the movies, that there is ready-made in Hollywood a subtle and powerful weapon to spread the story of democracy and make friends for this country.

As a result, four major Federal departments are now working with the motion-picture industry; while a fifth has declared itself a policeman to watch the nature of the deals which the business makes abroad.

State Department spokesmen say that movies are genuine ambassadors of good-will and as such will receive all the help our consulates and embassies can give them. The Department of Commerce, which gave some aid in the decade before the war, has just completed for the industry a comprehensive survey of the world's motion-picture markets, not overlooking even such limited ones as the Belgian Congo and the Fiji Islands.

The Office of War Information and the Office of Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs admit they owe a great deal of their effectiveness abroad

to motion pictures; they have recommended to Congress that Hollywood be given an important part in our postwar international activities.

Within the past year, the Justice Department issued a warning that it would oppose arrangements with foreign interests which might cause Hollywood to withdraw its films from any of the world's multiplying screens.

In general, the film moguls are flattered by the attention, recognizing that they will need official co-operation to retain some world markets and to regain still others. There is, however, the uneasy foreboding in several quarters that the industry may be putting its neck into a bureaucratic noose. Some motion-picture people fear the possibility of a silent partner likely to become less silent as time goes on. This has happened in other nations.

The Government's sudden awakening to the universality of motion pictures — their tremendous effectiveness as a spreader of information, their unique ability to sell American goods and American ideas in every land —

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is a belated one. Other nations have known and feared the merchandising punch of Hollywood for twenty years or more.

For a considerable time, the Motion Picture Unit of the Department of Commerce, operating under a picayune appropriation from Congress, has kept a file called *Trade Follows the Films*, which has never excited any attention. It took the war to arouse Washington to something it should have known a long time ago. In the file kept by canny Nathan D. Golden, head of the Unit, such items as these appear:

Sweden reports "a growing interest in the use of office inter-communication systems as a result of seeing this equipment used in pictures."

In Brazil, the American type of bungalow became highly popular because it had been pictured in so many movies.

In a scene from the film, *It Happened One Night*, Clark Gable peeled off his shirt and, lo and behold, there was no undershirt — just Gable. The repercussion was so terrific in many parts of the world that foreign underwear manufacturers tried to have the scene censored in their countries.

Before the war, an American sewing-machine manufacturer who had no agencies in Java or Sumatra was pleasantly surprised by large orders for his product from those countries. It turned out that the sewing machines had been used in several scenes of two or three movies which were touring that part of the world.

A certain make of American automobile had been selling five or six cars a month in one country. A first-class film, in which the car appeared to good advantage, was shown there. Sales of the automobile jumped to five or six a week.

The hatless vogue of Hollywood, reflected in pictures, caused anguish to the hat manufacturers of the world.

And American fashions, American hair-dos, American bathroom fixtures, radios and refrigerators, even American machinery, have been popularized everywhere for years by Hollywood.

The fact that the English language soundtracks on our pictures are not deleted in many countries is credited with stimulating people abroad to learn English.

Add to this the ideas spread of America free and happy — countless screens portraying the American working people as unregimented, with automobiles, shoes and plenty to eat — and you begin to realize why so many officials in Washington feel they have a new bonanza.

II

During the present war, the Axis powers have generally shelved all U.S.-made movies in their own and in occupied countries. The Japanese frankly explained in newspaper articles and radio broadcasts that they wanted to wipe out the force which was spreading Western ideas among the Nipponese and among all the peoples of Jap-conquered territories.

As far back as 1923, the London *Daily Post* commented:

"If the United States abolished its diplomatic and consular services, kept its ships in harbours and its tourists at home and retired from the world's markets, its citizens, its towns, its countryside, its roads, motor cars and counting houses would still be familiar to the uttermost corners of the world. . . . The film is to America what the flag once was to Britain. By its means, Uncle Sam may hope some day, if he is not checked in time, to Americanize the world."

Britain knew it, and other foreign countries recognized the situation as well. That was one important reason why so many nations threw up barriers against Hollywood; why they imposed stiff censorship and a quota system to limit the number of American films that could be shown in their countries; why they imposed duties and subsidized movie industries of their own, which were not strong enough to compete.

As a general rule, when a country creates protective barriers against an imported commodity to protect the competing home-grown industry, it is solely for the benefit of that one industry and is demanded solely by that industry. However, all the restrictions against American movies were not brought about by the foreign studios alone. Pressure came from manufacturers of a wide variety of consumer goods and from national ministries of information and propaganda.

Practically all of this, he it under-

stood, was happening before the first German panzer division raced into Poland in 1939. But it is only now in the post-Pearl Harbor era that Hollywood has been "discovered" by Washington.

Perhaps no greater compliment could be paid to motion pictures than the attention currently accorded them by the Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice. Anti-Trust has been fighting American participation in world cartels by the giants of American business, oil, chemicals, aluminum, drugs and munitions.

Today the trust-busters are also watching Hollywood and its dealings with the British film industry. In a recent address, Assistant Attorney-General Wendell Berge, head of the division, said:

"Economic life is so related today that you cannot restrict one part and not have almost endless repercussions. For instance, if American movies should be kept out of foreign areas, the effect is immediate on all kinds of American products which are advertised continually through the medium of the motion picture: If the motion-picture producers enter into a cartel agreement, they are restricting a good deal of American trade in addition to their own."

Some months ago, British bigwigs of government and business sat around a table and evolved a plan to build up that country's motion-picture industry as an "empire salesman." There was no secrecy about the meeting; it was reported in the newspapers. The

conferees pointed to the manner in which the American movie was selling American merchandise and American good-will. They resolved to throw the full weight of Britannia behind the English studios to help them make better pictures and to give them every possible boost that legislation could provide. Whatever the shape of the postwar world, Britain wants to make it safe for British-made goods and British-made ideas and ideals. And it knows that trade and ideas follow the film as well as the flag.

In the latter part of 1943, Sweden took an interesting step. It decided that only those Swedish-made motion pictures should be exported that showed the country in a favorable light to other nations.

Just freed from Nazi shackles, France, by fiat, is speeding the reorganization of its motion-picture industry — and not solely for the amusement value of films.

Germany, characteristically, has gone to the greatest extreme in the use of motion pictures for foreign propaganda. Long before the war, it organized the Alliance Cinématographe Européenne, a German producing company. This company imported French actors and directors and developed its scripts from French plays or books — making pictures designed exclusively for the French market. The stories, the De Gaulle government disclosed in a recent statement, were warped into “parodies” of the originals “designed to undermine morale or to attack democracy. The

films, subtly degrading things French, were given widespread distribution throughout France before the war and during the occupation.

III

Had you walked into the Telecommunications Division of our State Department two years ago and asked, “How important are movies to the Department’s work?”, you probably would have received a blank stare. Ask the question today and you will be told that Hollywood is doing a wonderful job of real importance to the country and that the effect of movies on trade and customs in other countries is very great.

The State Department has discovered something new and good; it is thoroughly alive to the potentialities.

In July 1939, by Presidential order, the State Department absorbed into its various consulates the foreign trade representatives of the Department of Commerce, including the men whose reports had helped to make the file, *Trade Follows the Films*. A large stream of confidential information about motion pictures began to funnel into the State Department building but, without even a glance, this was generally forwarded to the Department of Commerce. Then, in the latter part of 1943, State began to study carefully what it was receiving and some of the reports were eye-openers.

George Canty, one-time European specialist in movies for the Department of Commerce, was brought back

from South America where he had been Vice Consul. Prior to then, from the time he had been transferred from Commerce to State, he had been entirely on non-movie chores. When the State Department's reorganization went through in January 1944, Canty was made motion-picture specialist in the Telecommunications Division.

Back in 1940, Nelson A. Rockefeller sold the President the idea of an Office of Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs to tie in with the Good Neighbor Policy in peace and, if necessary, in war. CIAA was created and placed under the general supervision of the State Department.

For a considerable period State paid little attention to the movie, radio and other new projects which Rockefeller was trying out on the Latins. These things were not in the book of old-line diplomacy. Some time after Pearl Harbor, however, all this changed.

As far as creating good-will is concerned, it begins to be clear that the Colossus of the North can benefit more from properly prepared motion pictures than from many an official *pronunciamento* of friendship. When the rubber supply from the Far East was cut off, this nation turned to Brazil for increased production from the wild hevea trees of the Amazon basin. Rubber Development Corp. asked CIAA to help. The result was the specially prepared film *Rubber for Victory*. The big Hollywood companies, which had distribution outlets in Brazil, were given the job of putting the picture before audiences. To date, it has

played to 3,500,000 persons in more than 250 cities and towns in the Amazon basin, and is being credited with stimulating the flow of natural rubber for our war machine.

CIAA suggested to Walt Disney that he make an animated cartoon for South American consumption. The result was *Saludos Amigos*, a screen sensation in the Western Hemisphere, which in its delightful, sugar-coated way is estimated to have spread much good-will. *Saludos Amigos* was produced under an unusual condition. It was guaranteed against financial loss by CIAA. It was one of a number of films made in Hollywood under that condition, each of them embodying ideas laid down by CIAA. It is interesting to note that not a nickel was ever paid out under the guarantees. All those pictures made money. After the plan had been in existence for two years, it was finally dropped in July 1944, as no longer necessary.

CIAA also found that Latin America avidly follows Hollywood styles and fads. There is scarcely a woman's magazine published anywhere between the Rio Grande and Cape Horn which does not have a Hollywood feature or a Hollywood page each month.

Using portable equipment, CIAA has brought motion pictures to parts of South America where they were never seen before. Since they were all carefully selected subjects, a good taste in the mouth and a better understanding of the rich and powerful neighbor to the North has resulted.

A second important step by CIAA, when it launched its film program for the Latins, was the creation in Hollywood of the Motion Picture Society for the Americas. This is composed of industry people, and interests the studios in making pictures with an authentic Latin-American twist. CIAA contributes \$54,000 annually for clerical expenses; Hollywood foots the rest of the bill.

MPSA has done its work so well that the studios have not only turned out many such films already, but have others projected for at least two years in advance. While they are made for United States audiences also and do not carry any propaganda messages, they are designed particularly to go into the Latin market and leave a good impression of this country. The newest is *Brazil*, featuring Tito Guizar, the Brazilian star, and with music by Ary Barrosa, Brazil's best-known popular composer. Cantinflas, the top Mexican comedian, will star in another production now being prepared in Hollywood.

IV

Here are two practical ideas ready-made for the State Department to use after the war — the guarantee plan and the Motion Picture Society, expanded on a world-wide scale.

Here also is the core of the uneasiness in the industry. CIAA co-operation has worked out excellently and without complaints. The studios have made money on these special Latin-

American pictures and have made new friends for themselves as well as for the nation. Hollywood sees no objection to this, but it remembers the fable of the Arab who invited his camel to put its head in the tent.

Nelson Rockefeller has pointed out that it is up to the President and Congress to determine the future of propaganda and information for export. He has recommended that the Government continue postwar good-will activities, placing them as much as possible under the control of private industry. Ex-Secretary of State Cordell Hull took kindly to the notion, particularly the idea of encouraging private industry to do as much of the job as it can. The second State Department reorganization plan of last year, announced in December by Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., placed specific emphasis on motion pictures as an important medium for use in American international relations.

If this means anything, it means that the State Department plans to call upon Hollywood, as well as other industries, to perpetuate and expand the kind of program now being directed by CIAA.

Elmer Davis, Director of the Office of War Information, has much the same outlook as Mr. Rockefeller. He told a Congressional Committee:

"If we are going to continue our association with the rest of the world — and few Americans now believe we can withdraw from it — we want to win friends and influence people."

OWI has leaned very heavily upon Hollywood and withholds no credit from the cinema capital. Thus far, OWI has put a \$50,000,000 price-tag upon the cost of the entertainment pictures which have been useful to the OWI Overseas Branch. These are popular commercial films, made for the American market, which have had foreign-language soundtracks dubbed to them and are being shown to native audiences in liberated regions.

OWI carefully selected these pictures as the ones which put America's best foot forward and give a properly balanced idea of facets of life in this country — and which, therefore, make good propaganda. OWI will probably expire not long after the war, but the State Department is already interested in continuing this type of film for export. According to Francis Colt de Wolf, chief of the Department's Telecommunications Division:

American motion pictures as ambassadors of good-will — at no cost to the American taxpayer — interpret the American way of life to all the nations of the world. . . . The right kind of film can present a picture of this nation, its culture, its institutions, its methods of dealing with social problems and its people, which may be invaluable from the political, cultural and commercial point of view. On the other hand, the wrong kind of picture may have the opposite effect. Finally — and this is an important consideration — American motion pictures act as salesmen for American products, salesmen that are readily welcomed by their public.

For all these reasons, the Department of State and its representatives in foreign countries desire to co-operate fully in the protection of American motion pictures

abroad, especially in the difficult postwar era. In return, the Department confidently expects that the industry will co-operate wholeheartedly with our Government with a view to insuring that the pictures distributed abroad will reflect credit on the good name and reputation of this country and its institutions.

And that is about the size of it. The overseas merchandising of goods and ideas by movies used to be haphazard and accidental. While it helped a lot, it has also hurt on many occasions. For example, the gangster-era films flowed across the oceans without any thought that people who knew America only from the films would get the impression that each day hundreds of citizens were shot down in their tracks by bootleggers with tommy guns. There have been many reports that people in countries of rigid moral standards regard us as a loose, immoral people because they have seen so many movies depicting divorces and drunken women.

For a long while, Hollywood insisted that its villains must be slanted Orientals. It never occurred to the motion-picture companies that there was anything wrong with exporting these pictures to the Far East — and they were exported. Then all the studios seemed to agree that their villains must be swarthy and vicious Latins — usually Mexicans. These pictures went through the routine export channels to Mexico and the remainder of Latin America. Such films were hardly conducive to bettering our relations with the Orientals or with the people of Latin America.

This is part of what was on De Wolf's mind when he made the statement quoted above. Uncle Sam, now wide-awake to the good and harm that can be done by movies, wants Hollywood to distribute such pictures — if made — in the domestic market only.

Thus the lines are being drawn for a postwar Washington-Hollywood cooperation that will rival the teamwork of the present war years. The signs are clear — except in one place. The information does not yet seem to have percolated to the level of Congress.

Congress still regards Hollywood as a chubby punching bag, to be ridiculed by speakers on dull afternoons.

One of these days, however, Congress will find out what the rest of Washington already knows; then it can be counted on to deliver the kind of legislation which will further the world-wide mission of American movies. And Capitol Hill also looms as the port-in-a-storm to which the picture industry can appeal for help in the event any administration ever attempts to apply a thumbscrew.



Opinion —

Opinion is like a pendulum and obeys the same law. If it goes past the center of gravity on one side, it must go a like distance on the other; and it is only after a certain time that it finds the true point at which it can remain at rest.

— SCHOPENHAUER

Opinions cannot survive if one has no chance to fight for them.

— THOMAS MANN

MY CHILDREN AND PROGRESSIVE SCHOOLS

BY AIKEN WELCH

THERE has been a good deal of talk about progressive education, chiefly by the experts. Educators and theoreticians have argued it in terms of their sets of values, but parents have another way of looking at it, often outside the blinkers of technicians.

And as a parent, as what the teachers called for years "a most cooperative parent," I am now not only questioning the value of progressive education but wondering how much positive harm it may do to the potential student.

To begin with, I favored progressive schools. I still believe that very young children need an encouraging guide rather than a disciplinarian. And I agree one should be happy while one learns.

My own children started out at a progressive nursery school. The teacher described their progress in elaborate vocabulary — borrowed in the main from Freud and Adler. In the lightest of these conversations she referred solemnly and with heavy symbolism to Mary's large blobs of

paint as "isolated islands of color."

Amused by the patter, I recounted an interview to the children's doctor. He remarked drily that the teachers were having a good time at the expense of the children. I thought him critical and stuffy. After all, Tommy was bringing clay hippopotami from school and Mary's blobs were growing into identical houses with center chimneys and purple curls of smoke.

But they learned their letters at home!

And a good thing it was that they knew their letters when we moved to the country and the children went to public school. They found the work hard but stimulating. They took pride in learning new operations in arithmetic and in copying the outlandish accents of their teachers. They learned to mind and they thrived on it. Still I felt that the curriculum was not, as the educators say, "rich enough."

Then the fortunes of war sent us to the city; we followed my husband to be near him at his temporary army station. My chief comfort was the knowledge that the children could at

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last be appropriately educated at a good progressive school.

Entrance examinations showed them considerably ahead of other children in the same grade. Was English grammar taught? I inquired. Indeed, no. Children of this age did not have a "readiness" for it. They were also presumably not ready for anything but lettering; yet both my children wrote almost as fluently as they read.

Without further question, however, I deferred to the educators and put the children into their hands.

Two years brought certain changes, some doubtless attributable to time and the stages children normally go through. Tommy and Mary, both complimented for poise and good manners when they entered school, had become little boors. Tommy no longer addressed older men as "sir." Mary, who had a most affectionate nature at home and helped cheerfully with the housework, gave way to temper outbursts in the classroom. A few visits to school showed me that her teacher was justified in calling her obstinate.

Part of her obstinacy, however, was honest response to the method of pretending that children were making a "democratic" choice, but maneuvering them into doing what the teacher liked or school policy had decided. On one occasion, for instance, the class had "decided" that dustcloths should be made and sold for some charitable purpose and that their finished notebooks should be given to their parents for Christmas. Caroline,

Mary's best friend, told me the bitter truth: they had been bullied into it.

"Look here, Mary," I said with some impatience, "don't you want to help people with the money you make selling dustcloths?"

"Yes, really I do," she said. "But I don't like to pretend we chose to do it when they made us. Besides, we want to give our parents real presents, not just old notebooks."

Though I attempted to support the teacher's position, privately I sympathized with Mary. Nor did my opinion change when during the quarterly conference of mothers this same teacher proudly quoted one of her children, a particularly priggish little girl, as saying that her chief desire in life was to be kind to others. I shuddered at how well the early lesson in hypocrisy had taken.

II

Tommy's record was better. He had a born teacher who exercised more coercion than she theoretically ought, and he finished the sixth grade at the top of his class. My only criticisms were of the increasingly atrocious manners of the children — not the least those of my own — and the premature preoccupation of the entire class of eleven-year-olds with lovemaking.

This school ended in the sixth grade. Tommy's teachers pleaded with me not to send him on to a school with the usual college preparatory work. His "creativity" would be ruined by an em-

phasis on formal grammar. I couldn't forego suggesting that a knowledge of grammar had not stood in the way of the great writers of English prose.

Consider science, they said. Most schools with a classical curriculum teach it much later. The School (a model progressive school admired the country over by educators) has well-equipped laboratories. Tommy had shown a marked talent for science. Why not send him there?

For months after his entrance I heard no report from the new school. Tommy brought me a fine herb shelf and his father a handsome metal ash-tray. The science laboratory was all right. He was making a thermometer though he didn't understand the principles. Mathematics was all mixed up with science. No, he had no homework. Honest, they didn't assign any. The other classes were boring. Holy crow, you couldn't hear yourself think it was so noisy.

Suspicious that Tommy was failing to take advantage of his opportunities, I asked for an objective report — you know, 80 in English, 70 in arithmetic, 60 in French — something by which I could at least judge his scholastic progress. Finally in March, with three months left of the school year, the report came.

It was carefully planned, I am sure, by well-intentioned planners who meant to give me a minutely accurate picture of Tommy's progress. I have it before me now. I have studied it attentively. Trying to understand its inconsistencies is still trying to square

the circle. Yesterday I showed it to a friend who after looking it over carefully exclaimed, "But there must be a mistake!"

What I was finally able to get out of it was somewhat like this: In Industrial Arts there was no difficulty. He was rated for "above average" work; he displayed "initiative and responsibility," was "resourceful," showed "good planning" and "self-direction." There was a cryptic "he weighs evidence." And he was even "co-operative" in his "concern for others."

Every other subject was questionable. He was doing "above average" work in English, where he was "not working up to ability," was "erratic" in his "serious purpose," "often confessed to boredom" and was "variable" in his "initiative."

In mathematics he was "very unsatisfactory" and in science he was just "average." Yet at the same time, according to comments, he had "outstanding creativeness and imagination," "good planning," "weighs evidence," "analyzes well," "poor standards of work," and he was "inattentive."

The other subjects showed similar inconsistencies. At a loss, I appealed to Tommy's very agreeable homeroom teacher, a woman for whom I have great personal admiration.

"When he wants to work, he can," she said. "He needs prodding. It is chiefly a matter of interest and attention."

"Make him pay attention," I sug-

gested. And I added, rather acidly I'm afraid, that I thought that if the children were given more subjects like Latin and mathematics and less theoretical economics to have useless opinions on, they might naturally be more attentive. Very justly she pointed out that my son was doing badly in the traditional subjects.

III

There was nothing for me to do but take every hour I could spare in the next few weeks to visit the school.

I was both cheered and dispirited, cheered that Tommy was not the only, or even the chief, mischief-maker in the class. Most of the boys spent their time devising ingenious forms of distraction. Most of the girls, more mature at the same age, alternately teased the boys and indulged the teacher. What dispirited me was the noisiness of every classroom. It was all I could do to pay attention to the teacher.

The science teacher mumbled first and then shouted, but in the laboratory I had to admire his imperturbability. The children lighted Bunsen burners with newspaper flares, tipped things over without righting them, chattered unceasingly and acted generally like the characters in *Tobacco Road* with a new car.

"Privilege without responsibility," I heard myself muttering. "Wonderful laboratories, meant for a Madam Curie, at the mercy of these untrained barbarians, these irresponsible

children who have no respect for them."

English class was worse, since competing voices irritate more than laboratory clatter. Part of the period the children watched a play performed by another section of the class. The rest they devoted to useless opinions without critical acumen but fluently expressed — if you call a series of interruptions fluent.

The teacher, a charming, motherly woman, would say from time to time, "I will only call on those who raise their hands." It availed nothing. The loudest voice continued to make the greatest impression.

In social studies, the children filled out a questionnaire asking among other things the filler's disposition. I queried Tommy what he had put down.

"Always cheerful," the child of many moods responded. "They won't know the difference," he said in justification.

Well, I thought, if they are growing up in a world where the ticket to a living is the filling out of a questionnaire, I suppose an early lesson in profitable lying won't hurt them. But it can hardly be called an education.

The elevator to the lunchroom really shocked me. The children crowded into it as into a subway, ramming teachers, elbowing a visiting grandmother, rearing into a girl with a deformity which the children were too impatient to notice, pushing one another. I saw Tommy's jaw thrust out as he shouted angrily, "Look out!

"That's my mother." They didn't hear. They shifted me onto the toes of a teacher. Through my apologies I hoped ardently that she was wearing strong, prewar shoes.

"The children's manners could stand improving," I remarked to one of the teachers who had children of her own in the school. "Not fancy manners," I explained, "just more consideration for others."

"Manners!" she sniffed. "Schools where they teach manners are only for class distinction."

"But," I replied feebly, "I think good manners are especially necessary in a democracy."

"We learn according to need," she said, reciting the creed of progressive education. "My children have learned to say good morning to the cook now that there is a shortage. They know that if they aren't nice to her she will leave."

Her cynicism so startled me that it did not occur to me until later, that even from the point of view of making people useful to us, habitual good manners are a better implement than waiting until "we feel the need."

Feel the need! How that phrase fell regularly from the mouths of the progressive educators I talked to on behalf of my erring children. After complaining of Tommy's work his math teacher said that I had to wait until he felt the need. I pleaded that a twelve-year-old could not be expected to understand his later need of the multiplication tables.

"It doesn't matter," the teacher

countered, "what they learn, but *how* they learn."

"Since we really don't know *how* anybody learns, and I don't think college entrance examiners will accept an argument in place of a passing mark, don't you think we ought to concentrate on teaching Tommy what you as his teacher know he needs?"

But he was too self-enchanted by his own variant of the educational philosophy of John Dewey to hear anything.

IV

Finally I asked Tommy himself what was wrong.

"I have not yet adjusted socially to the new school," he replied.

"Come off that," I said. "Where did you pick that one up?"

He laughed merrily. "That's child psychology language."

"You're fooling nobody," I said. "Why are you muffing all your subjects?"

"Well . . ." and it came out. He was bored. He was not "learning happily." Everything seemed too easy, even if he wasn't getting good marks. English was a repetition of books he read years ago. (Was his "readiness" for grammar asserting itself?) Mathematics and science were all mixed up, and he didn't know what he was supposed to do. He showed bewilderment when I suggested that he ask his teacher for assignments. Nobody did anything so silly. There was no discipline. Yes, he knew darned well he

was just as noisy as the others, but why the heck didn't somebody put a stop to it? His study periods he spent at the workshop; there was something definite to do there.

Thinking wishfully that the seventh grade might mark a transitional period I visited the upper classes. Constant noise there, too. Junior and senior high school students were very slovenly in their laboratory work. They all had plenty of confidence, spoke easily and fluently. But nowhere did I see signs of any consideration for others.

In the end I appealed to Tommy's home-room teacher for a little quiet in the class and for direct discipline of him at least. She replied that throwing spitballs can be emotionally very important at this age.

"Can't they do it after school hours," I asked despairingly. "Tommy is here to learn something and acquire the means for learning more. I don't want an entire year wasted."

Perhaps, I suggested, my child ought to be in a smaller class with fewer pupils. They agreed that he might learn more that way, but that it would be bad for him socially. Children needed what they call "group discipline." As I listened, their enthusiastic explanations began to take on a positively sinister character.

Whatever the group approved in its "democratic" way became the standard. A clever teacher could, of course, maneuver it — as she had in Mary's school. So far as I could see, it was the opposite of independent thinking. It was an education in early

demagoguery. Like the Hitler youth who had no respect for genuine authority based on experience, character and wisdom, but accepted the authority of their own comrades, these children were being taught to wait on mass approval.

It looked to me as though they were being encouraged to behave as they wished but to *think* as a mass — which of course is not to think at all. In spite of the teachers' scornful opinion of traditional schools that "poured children into a mold," I began to wonder.

V

It is true that most conventional schools work for a certain acquisition of subject matter or method and of manners. But which is the wiser choice? Should my child be educated to behave according to a pattern of outward consideration for others and to think for himself because he has the tools to think with, or according to the progressive-education-taught freedom of behavior but unanimity of group opinion through unconscious mass approval? I personally prefer that my son be given the means to think for himself, and not merely be encouraged to change his tactics when he feels, or is jockeyed into thinking he feels, "a need."

In my wish to be fair to progressive schools — regardless of whether they suit my children — I have talked with many graduates of both progressive and conventional schools, with many

college professors and with teachers.

The graduates of progressive schools that I know have one quality in common: they are all very self-confident. Some are even brash, but at least they are not timid and backward. They do not, as they admit laughingly, know much about spelling and grammar. Perhaps it is unimportant that they should. They appear to think that whatever is newest is best; nobody before our time had any understanding of psychology, for example. I fear I must call them intellectual *parvenus*. Their knowledge is superficial, which is no crime in itself; their attitude toward their knowledge is that they have exhausted the subject.

In spite of their early exposure to laboratories and their early acquaintance with the scientific method, they are poor scientists, a well-known professor of chemistry tells me. They are not thorough and they are content with easy results, never having been made to realize that much of learning anything well is dull, hard work. Whatever is difficult they have learned to avoid. They have not "felt the need."

A physicist friend summed it up for me when I showed him Tommy's report and told him what I had seen.

"I get these kids in my classes all the time," he said, "and I can always spot them. Good youngsters, a lot of them, but handicapped as students. Well, look at your boy's report. You can be sure, if he continues to go to a progressive school, he'll turn out a

damn fine little carpenter."

Another friend who has taught in progressive schools here and abroad for many years tempers my observations with her own that in those schools the quality of the teacher is extremely important. The system of teaching, so flexible that it is not a system at all, requires people with far more than the usual modicum of common sense. And in all professions those are hard to find.

From my view most of the teachers are fast on the way to sainthood; that is, their characters are developing through sheer patience. When the English teacher keeps her temper (I am happy to say she is human enough to lose it occasionally), she is on her way up the ladder of character.

Whatever else it is not, progressive education is a discipline for all the adults connected with it. A few parents have declared that it merges insensibly into self-defense.

Of course teachers ought not to make a practice of losing their tempers. Kindness and patience are necessary qualities for a good teacher, but so are firmness and a refusal to accept nonsense. Their work, it seems to me, is not to perfect their own characters but to teach the children how to think and to give them the material to think with. Too much "understanding," like the sympathy of the man who tore the cocoon open to help the butterfly emerge, is debilitating.

Perhaps what I am trying to say is that progressive school teachers try to do too much. They try to do what

should be done at home. They try to provide an atmosphere that allows children emotional outlet. And perhaps it is impossible to be primarily concerned with that, and teach at the same time.

Certainly it results in confusion. The studies are mixed and hazy for the children. The functions are mixed and therefore unsuccessfully performed by the teachers.

Since children have to take potluck with their parents and no perfect environment can be provided for every child, it might be wiser to let the

teachers *teach* (using all their knowledge of psychology to make subjects interesting). Even if they have to demand attention and insist on discipline, it might be better. And the parents might be permitted to cope, however they will, with their children's emotional lives.

This would relieve the teacher of responsibilities that are not rightly hers. It would allow a child to live its inner life with relative privacy and decency. And the onus for spoiling a child's character would fall where it rightly should — on the parents.



WAR CHILD

BY ULRICH TROUBETZKOY

YOUR lullaby will be the tears
That sing in silence by your bed
Of utter loneliness and fears.
Your lullaby will be the tears
Shed through these mutilated years
Of women weeping for their dead.
Your lullaby will be the tears
That sing in silence by your bed.

GERMANY'S UNDERGROUND ARSENAL

BY EDWIN MULLER

By D-Day, June 6, 1944, our bombers and those of Britain had almost knocked out the German aircraft industry. Nearly every important factory had been hit heavily. As a result, during the invasion, we had undisputed control of the air.

In the months that followed we continued those assaults on the factories, preventing repairs and the resumption of production. At the same time we pounded and pulverized other German war industries — tanks, guns, and motor transport. It looked as if Hitler's war machine could never again mount a great offensive. *And yet it did.*

When Rundstedt lashed out on December 16, 1944, he filled the air with swarms of planes, most of them new and of the latest models. He used tanks, artillery and motor transport on a lavish scale. Meanwhile the flying bomb and rockets in growing numbers were harassing our rear.

Where did all this new material of war come from? One answer is: from under the earth. From great new factories hundreds of feet beneath the surface, safe from the heaviest bomb.

Germany has been frantically — and successfully — scrambling and clawing her way under ground. It is estimated that by February 1, 1945, about 30 per cent of her essential war production was below ground. If the war were to last another year, most of her war factories would be beyond the reach of our bombers.

This rather unexpected development has not only affected the strategy of the war in Europe, but poses new and serious problems for the war against Japan. And for any great war of the future it raises possibilities — probabilities — that are bizarre and fantastic.

I have just visited one of these weird subterranean factories — one which, I'm told, is typical of scores of others.

In the rough hill country of the Ardennes, near the border of Lorraine and Luxembourg, a long, winding valley harbors mines and factories, grimy with coal dust and smoke. Thrusting back into the hills on either side is a vast labyrinth of mine tunnels and shafts, most of them worked out

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and abandoned. You could travel for days underground and come out miles from where you had entered.

Midway in the valley is the village of Thil, a straggling row of dingy shacks. On a bleak hillside above it are the remains of the barbed wire and flimsy barracks of a concentration camp for Jews and political prisoners. Just outside the wire is a big new furnace. People of the village tell horrible tales of the things that happened there.

Halfway down the village street a side road turns off toward the shaggy hillside and abruptly disappears into the slope. It's an inconspicuous hole — the entrance to an old mine, quite invisible from above even to our reconnaissance fliers. Yet every day more than 5000 workers entered that hole, together with great quantities of sheet metal, rods and other raw material. Every day there came out of it more than 100 flying bombs, fully equipped and ready to be hauled to the launching sites.

II

My guide and I lit our miner's lamps, mounted a flat-car that stood at the entrance, and went clanging through the darkness of the narrow tunnel. Every few hundred feet the dark entrance of a side tunnel appeared. After nearly two miles the car stopped. The lamps showed dimly that we were in a high, vaulted chamber, perhaps 60 feet wide by 150 feet long. There was a concrete floor; the craggy, un-

finished walls and ceiling were white-washed. We picked our way through the crowded machinery, went through a short passage into another such chamber, then another and another, then off to the side to a second row of them and other rows. Our footsteps echoed in the dead silence of the place. After 20 rooms I lost count; I was told that I had seen less than half of them. All had been drilled and blasted out of the solid rock by workmen driven to utmost speed by their German bosses.

Hundreds of first-class machines stood in the orderly rows of a long assembly line: motors, engine lathes, turret lathes, milling and grinding machines, shapers, drill presses, electric spot-welding machines, gas welding equipment, punching and breaching presses, band saws, pickling tanks. Some of them were of German make; others were Italian, French, or American. I saw an electric motor made by a St. Louis company, and fine drill presses from New Hampshire and Connecticut. There were neat piles of sheet aluminum, boxes full of hundreds of miscellaneous parts. In one room there were a dozen or more almost completed fuselages. All stood just as the workmen had abandoned them before the advancing Allies arrived.

Since it was split up into so many rooms, it was hard for me to estimate the total size of the factory. An Army engineer told me later that it was roughly equivalent to the big Western Electric plant at Kearny, New

Jersey. Through talks with the village people, interrogation of prisoners and a survey of the installation itself, enough information is at hand to describe the operation of this huge subterranean factory.

III

It was worked by slave labor — Russians, Poles, Czechs, Italians — women as well as men. There were probably 10,000 of them, some of whom worked above ground in transporting material and finished product. Most of it was unskilled labor, since many machines could be operated by men who had had only a few hours' instruction. The equipment was designed or altered to embody jigs and other fixtures which require minimum intelligence on the part of the operator. Such designing, in which the Germans have made great progress during the war, explains the high production which they have been able to get from their unwilling, unskilled slaves. This factory needed only a few German bosses and engineers, plus a tough gang of Gestapo guards.

The 10,000 lived under prison conditions. Some, crowded ten or fifteen in a room, were housed in the village or in other villages up and down the valley; most were in hastily erected barracks. They slept on sacks of straw on the floor. Breakfast was a cup of ersatz coffee and five ounces of black bread. Lunch was a quart of potato or turnip soup; supper, one-third ounce of sausage, five ounces of bread.

They worked the laborers 'two twelve-hour shifts, the German supervisors working three eight-hour shifts. Hours were from six to six. In the early dawn Gestapo guards marched the long lines down the roads to the factory. As the workers passed the concentration camp, they were required to turn their heads the other way. They were jammed into the flat-cars and hauled into the factory. The time expended in marching to work, and from portal to work bench, was not included in the shift; it was on their "own" time.

The work chambers, which were brightly lighted by electricity, were well ventilated, not so much for the benefit of the workers as to prevent the deterioration of the machines.

When men who have been in the factory try to describe its operation there is one thing they can't describe — the noise. At the recollection they get wild-eyed and hold their heads in their hands. Such machines as punch presses make a tremendous din. There was much riveting. All the machines were driven at top speed. In those reverberating chambers the noise was magnified many times. Probably never since the world began have men worked in such an overwhelming roar of sound.

On the walls were many posters. Some were political instruction: "You are now an employee of the German Reich. Your salute must be 'Heil Hitler!'" Some were highly imaginative pictures of the destruction which the flying bombs were supposed to be

visiting on the enemy. But most were warnings to those who might flag in their work — graphic pictures of flogging, deprivation of food and water or other punishments meted out to slackers. The bosses and Gestapo men walked up and down the line, checking on production. Every once in a while some laggard would be hauled out of line and made an example of before the others.

It was understood that anyone caught in seditious talk would be shot at once, but there is no mention of anything of the sort occurring. How could it? During work the din was too great for the men to communicate with each other. After work, stunned by noise and fatigue, they could do no more than stumble home, fall on their straw mattresses, and sleep. After inspecting this and other factories, our Army Intelligence is not disposed to count much on uprisings of the slave labor of Germany. These 10,000 are probably a fair sample of the approximately 10,000,000 of the Reich's slave laborers.

This underground factory was a complete assembly plant, and most of the parts were made there as well. The finished product, the V-1 flying bomb, lacked only the explosive in the war head and the fuel. Power to run the machines came from outside; stand-by generators were also at hand, so that operation need not be suspended for power-line repair in the event of damage from Allied strafing. Excavating machinery was kept near the main entrance in case it should be

closed by bombing. And there were two other entrances to the mine which could be used if necessary. It was a very efficient plant. (It is said that from time to time Japanese observers came to inspect it and make approving notes.) The Germans worked it up to the last minute. They were almost caught there, and made no attempt to demolish the machinery.

IV

Scores of underground factories have been found in the liberated countries. Broad sections of France, Belgium and Luxembourg contain great networks of worked-out mine shafts and tunnels. All that was needed was to enlarge the tunnels into chambers big enough to house the machinery.

There are also the natural caves. France has limestone regions like those of western Kentucky and Virginia where there are caverns that rival Mammoth Cave. Wherever the entrance and the approach are horizontal, they provide good locations for factories. Large chalk, sandstone and limestone quarries are also excavated horizontally for the same purpose. Little work is needed to convert them into factories, and an industry could quickly be put underground. For example, when the SKF ball-bearing plant on the surface at Bois Colombe was bombed and partly destroyed, the 800 salvaged machines were carried to a big mushroom cave at Taverny, and in three weeks the plant was again in full operation.

At Perigeux, near Bordeaux, we found an underground factory of 50,000 square meters, which had employed 2000 workmen assembling transport planes. In a cave factory near Paris, 500 completed airplane motors were found stored. Convenient manufacturing sites were found in the Paris subway sidings and spurs that were deepest underground. The practice was to pour concrete on the tracks up to the level of the platforms making a level area wide enough to be workable. Propeller shafts and other parts were made in such factories; the subway was used for storage.

Besides the big subterranean factories there were hundreds of little ones that made small, high priority parts. All over France and Belgium the German engineers were surveying sites for similar plants. And the number in France, Belgium and Luxembourg was small in comparison to that in Germany. The installations which we have discovered and examined were crude in comparison with those we shall find inside the Reich.

Moving the nation's industries underground was an afterthought of the Germans. Well for us that it was — or Allied strategic bombers could have accomplished little. At the beginning of the war the Germans were sure that the Reich was safe from air attack. They believed Goering when he promised them that not a single bomb would fall on German soil; they were confident of complete protection by the greatest air-fighter fleet on earth. They kept on believing

it for a year or more. Then they began to be worried by the development of the big multi-gunned bombers, the Lancasters, and Halifaxes in England, the Fortresses and Liberators in America. When a few bombs began to fall on German soil, their factories didn't seem quite so safe as before.

It was the 1000-plane raid on Cologne in 1942 that changed the entire planning of German industry. It was decided then to begin to put it underground. 1942 was the year of planning and survey; by the middle of 1943 underground installation was well under way. The move was made smoothly and in well-planned sequence. Priority was given to the most essential industries, especially those using smaller and the more valuable machines. Each industry was put in charge of an officer of the General Staff who had the responsibility of getting it underground. The aircraft industry was in charge of Lieutenant General Kammler. He held a meeting in his Berlin home, attended by representatives of the ten largest firms in the industry. It was decided to make the move in stages, no firm moving all at once or ceasing production while it moved. Early opposition by companies and their employees was brushed aside.

Each firm was allowed to select its own factory sites if it could find them; if not, sites were allotted by the central planning board. The sites chosen in Germany were the same sort as those we have found in France and Belgium — horizontal mine

shafts, quarries, abandoned railway and highway tunnels, natural caves. Wherever possible, they chose a shaft or cave that entered the side of a hill so that the entrance would be protected against bombing. When they had to use an entrance without this natural protection, they covered the first 100 feet or so with concrete, ten to thirty feet thick; whenever possible, they used sites with more than one entrance. Miners and ex-miners were released from their other tasks to work on the installations.

The plants varied in size, some employing a few hundred men, some more than 10,000. There were underground storehouses for bombs, shells, planes and sub-surface oil tanks. After the great raid on Peenemunde, the V-1 and V-2 factories and laboratories went almost entirely underground. The German people were shown a film that exhibited acres of V-1 bombs underground, which were brought to the surface as they were needed by escalator lifts.

V

It is likely that a large part of Germany's lighter industry has already gone underground. Besides aircraft, this would include the manufacture of small arms and ammunition, small and medium caliber shells, electrical instruments, precision tools, etc.

Somewhat less progress will have been made with heavy industry which requires ponderous machines and immense floor space — the manufacture

of tanks, locomotives, heavy artillery. Yet we know that there was at least one locomotive factory below the surface.

The Germans haven't yet been able to put some industries underground. Steel production, for example. You can't operate a blast furnace in a cave. Nor can the oil industry go under the surface. It isn't practicable to put into a cave an oil refinery or a plant producing synthetic oil. This may be one reason why our air forces have been concentrating on oil.

There is much that we don't yet know about German underground manufacturing, and it will be disclosed only as the Allies fight across Germany. There may be whole underground cities — living quarters as well as factories. Large sections of the population may be spending all their time beneath the earth.

How can our bombers attack underground factories effectively? The answer is: *they can't*. Occasionally we may block an entrance by starting a landslide on the hill slope above — that has been done once. But at best it means only a brief interruption of work. With the excavating machinery at hand the Germans quickly dig the entrance clear. And there is usually more than one entrance. We can bomb the rail lines leading into the factory, but they can be restored in a few hours. So far, the only way to destroy an underground factory is to capture it.

The Germans thought too late of going to earth, and now they won't have a chance to dig themselves in

completely. The Japanese, who also live in a land of hills, mines and caves, may have time to do more. All of which suggests a new conception of what the next war will be like.

In preparing for that war the nations surely will not neglect this most impregnable of defenses: going underground. They will have had time to prepare adequately. They will have gone far beyond the makeshift, hastily contrived underground installations that the Germans have used so effectively in this war. They will create subterranean sites especially designed and excavated for factories. All the essential plants now on the surface will be duplicated underground. Not only factories, but living quarters,

hospitals, schools, churches, recreation areas. Vast stocks of food will have been stored, so that the farming population need not risk the perils of the surface.

The war will start, not by old-fashioned declaration, but by salvos of thousands of rocket bombs flying across the frontier — or across the ocean. As the structures on the surface begin to crumble, whole populations will dive underground like frightened woodchucks. Soon the surface of the earth will be almost empty of life — an inferno of fire, explosions, poison gas. Inhabitants of Mars, objectively observing all this, may be quite puzzled as to the directions which this civilization of ours is taking.



Americanism —

Some Americans need hyphens in their names, because only part of them has come over; but when the whole man has come over, heart and thought and all, the hyphen drops of its own weight out of his name.

— WOODROW WILSON

SHOW-WINDOW FOR DEMOCRACY

BY VIRGINIA PREWETT

ANY true picture of Latin America must show nearly every one of its nations suffering for centuries from the pooling of wealth and power in the hands of small and selfish groups. This has resulted in a history of dictatorial oppression and poverty for the great majority of Latin Americans. Considering the difficult geography of most of the region, the racial conflicts and unfortunate political heritage from Spanish rule, this pattern can be seen as almost inevitable. Yet right in the heart of the picture, in a part of Latin America that has all the geographical handicaps and would seem to have all the historical ones, there has been built one of the best working democracies in the world.

This is Colombia, with its nine million people, the fourth largest of all the Latin American republics. On the northwestern corner of South America, with an area approximately the size of Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada and Colorado combined, Colombia is important in the Western Hemisphere today because of its geographical position as co-guardian of the Panama Canal and its political prominence

as a show-window for democracy in South America.

The most striking single fact about this nation in the center of a region where military dictatorships have been the traditional form of government is that Colombia has never been ruled by an army clique. Beginning not long after independence from Spain in 1819 and continuing throughout the nineteenth century, the country did go through a period of internal wars and near-wars. But from the earliest days of the republic when Bogotá rose against the great Liberator himself, there ran through these civil struggles a current of rebellion against concentration of power at the expense of the nation as a whole.

Since the end of the last civil war in 1903, Colombia has had continuous internal peace. Elections have been uncontrolled. There have been hard-fought political campaigns, but only once in a third of a century has there been an attempt at a military coup. Set off by an obscure Army officer in some remote part of the country this summer, it was a feeble effort that was quickly stamped out and forgotten.

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Today Colombians — from boot-black to bank president — can and do discuss political affairs with complete freedom. Colombia's press brings lively polemics to a people whose level of literacy is high in the more densely populated regions. Split as it is by three massive chains of the Andes, Colombia is one of the most mountainous countries in the world. Yet you do not see there the distressing poverty so familiar in other mountain states of Latin America.

In the sparsely populated tropical coast regions and mountain hinterlands, however, maintenance of an adequate standard of living, health and nutrition is a constant national problem. Colombia's leaders feel that there is much yet to be done in the field of popular education, just as we do here. Colombia's national resources are by far not fully exploited as yet. The country is not even one of the richest of the Latin American group. But what her people do enjoy is the fortunate combination of political freedom and stability coupled with a very favorable distribution of national wealth.

II

The bulk of Colombia's population lives in the western third of the country, on the slopes of the Andean Valley and in high intermont basins. Of fourteen population centers in as many states, two have been well-springs from which growth has spread. These two centers have always in-

fluenced enough people to affect the life of the nation decisively. Their chief cities are Bogotá, the political capital and metropolis of the uplands, and Medellín, center of the thriving valley region that is most influential in the business life of the nation.

Two observations that strike every visitor to Bogotá give clues to the character of the people there and to Colombia's political history as a whole. Bogotá's parks are decorated with statues of poets, law-makers and philosophers rather than the military heroes immortalized in stone almost everywhere else in the world. And Bogota has more book-sellers and newsstands than this writer has ever seen in any city except Paris. I have seen books on sale even in barber shops and a bakery there.

Bogotá is called the Athens of South America with good reason. It has long been a center of learning, publishing, writing and the humanities. Under Spain's rule, its people caught the fires of liberalism from France and the young United States and made their city a center of rebellion against tyranny. This has set a tradition that opposes reason to force, the exact opposite of the atmosphere producing military dictatorships.

Antioquía, the region that has prosperous Medellín as its capital and has expanded to take economic leadership, was originally settled by Basques from Northeastern Spain and by converted Spanish Jews. In contrast to the Spanish warrior-adventurers who opened up Latin America and attracted cohorts

seeking quick riches from gold and other mining, these people came in as true pioneers and colonists.

Since the Antioqueños did not find a dense Indian population as they spread through the slopes of the Western Valley, they had no opportunity to build their economic system on peon Indian labor. But the record shows that these industrious people have always preferred to work their own land. They strongly opposed the introduction of negro slaves into Colombia and prevented them from being brought into their section.

As a result, the core of Colombia's economic structure has escaped the universal curse of Latin America — the large estates worked by peons for the exclusive benefit of absentee owners who care little for their land or their tenants. The Spaniards found a nation of civilized Indians living in the high basins of the Bogotá region and put them to work in semi-slavery. But these pacific Indians died out or have been absorbed leaving Colombia untroubled by any "Indian problem." This means that the country is not faced with the task of bringing into the national life a large mass of passively hostile Indians who have for centuries been pressed to the bottom of the socio-economic pyramid.

Peonage and slavery did take hold in Colombia's hot Caribbean coast and in the southern part of the Western Valley, where sugar cane and cacao are grown. But this is not the rule, and the political life of the nation has escaped influence from these re-

gions. Colombia, far more than her sister republics, is a country where people own and work their own land. Between them, the uplanders of Bogotá and the people of Antioquia have kept Colombia from falling into militaristic tyranny in government or feudal peonage in its economic life.

Colombia's large number of owner-farmers have been both far-sighted and fortunate in developing an export crop that is in constant world demand. This has enabled the country to escape another curse almost universal throughout Latin America: overdependence on exports that go through violent ups and downs in the world market, taking national economies on a roller-coaster ride as they go. This export is produced by Colombians and the returns come directly into their hands — unlike many sister republics in which the cream of export profits is consistently skimmed off by foreigners who have developed and own the export-producing industry.

Colombia's big export is of course their mild coffee. This pours a golden flood into the area that is the economic heart of the land. Coffee-producing areas in turn buy cattle, cacao, grains and sugar from other sections, creating an internal commerce exceptional in Latin America. This is an underlying reason why a country with widely diverse racial groups and many internal mountain barriers has been able to develop an unusual political unity.

Loss of Panama in 1902, although for long bitterly remembered by many

Colombians, was not without its advantages, since it took from the country another factor that has made for disunity and instability in every Latin American nation. This was the jockeying for advantageous position carried on by outside powers. For decades before Teddy Roosevelt "took" Panama, Colombia had been a hotbed of international intrigue over the Canal route; and for nearly a generation afterwards was comparatively free of it until the Germans opened a drive for influence in the mid-1930's.

Colombians today say frankly that the twenty-five million dollar indemnity paid for the Panama incident by the United States in 1925 greatly speeded their development. It made possible the construction of internal communications that they had not been able to afford before.

III

But the second big reason for Colombia's happier state is internal and dates from 1930. From the end of its last civil war in 1903 until the impact of world depression, Colombia had a steady natural growth. The conservative party rode this wave much as our conservatives did in this country. When the world crash of coffee prices knocked the bottom out of Colombia's economy, liberals were swept into power. Since that time liberal Presidents, Enrique Olaya Herrera, Alfonso Lopez and Eduardo Santos, have turned the government into a conscious instrument making

Colombia more and more Latin America's El Dorado of the average man.

When the liberals took the helm, crashing coffee sales made it impossible for Colombia to continue importing the large quantities of manufactured goods or even the foodstuffs it had been taking. Internal commerce spun down; farmers were losing their land and the whole internal situation was tottering when the liberals took over. They attacked the problem on many fronts. The government got behind the coffee-growers' association, formed in 1927 to advertise Colombia's product abroad and improve the quality of the crop. It was turned into a nation-wide producers' co-operative with power to buy and hold a part of the coffee crop with funds obtained from a tax on coffee exports. This spread the burden of the price crash more evenly and even acted as a partial check on the price slide.

This was only the first step. The government began at once to push home production of those imports now reduced by fallen export returns. This included rice, wheat and lard. A system of federal credit was set up to help farmers buy new land and get started on the new production. National policy favored the home manufacture of light consumer goods—textiles, shoes, glass, paper, flour, cigarettes, lard, soap, chocolate, matches and similar products of everyday use.

A new system of roads was started to link backland fields with markets. A law was passed providing that land not in use could be expropriated and

put into production. Colombia's federal revenue had come mainly from import taxes, on the usual Latin American pattern. In 1936 a new constitution was set up which permitted taxes to be levied on income and capital.

Throughout this period Colombia began to weave into her legal code a series of laws that make a charter for labor. The trade union movement there is small, since Colombia's industries themselves are small. But the movement today is unified and influential. It has managed to hold its gains through the difficult war years.

The right of free association is guaranteed under the constitution, but unions have to file charters and get official recognition. To maintain it, they have to make periodic financial reports. The forty-eight hour week is in force and children under fourteen cannot work without special permission from the authorities. Women are given eight weeks' leave for pregnancy. Salaried employees have a right to 120 days' sick-leave with part pay, have an annual leave of 15 days with pay and get one month's pay for each year of service if dismissed. The law about severance pay is widely interpreted to include wage-earners as well. Families of workers receive a month's pay at the wage-earner's death. Many of these benefits are of course far more liberal than workers in the United States enjoy.

A number of trades and professions have quasi-public retirement funds, but Colombia as yet has not set up a

federal social security system. Steps are now being taken to found one.

Federal housing and the encouragement of producer and consumer co-operatives have been main avenues of approach to the problem of the rural worker. A rural housing program, the only one of its kind in Latin America, got under way in 1939. Over a thousand homes had been built when war halted it. A much older program sponsored by the city of Bogotá has built over 20,000 low-cost homes for workers in the nation's capital. Colombia's liberal government has also instituted adult education programs that put the country in the forefront of this movement in Latin America.

IV

None of these reforms and advancements has been radical; yet all together they have meant a general and steady improvement for the nation. Similar reforms have been bitterly fought by top-dog cliques in many Latin American countries. More and more, popular pressure is forcing other governments in the direction set by Colombia.

War has of course slowed the pace and brought new problems. In international relations, Colombia has co-operated fully in the New World security system and the defense of the Panama Canal. The economic situation has been saved by the Inter-American Coffee Agreement which kept prices from tobogganing when European markets were closed; and

by the fact that the United States has brought most of its coffee supply from nearby sources in order to save Brazilian shipping space for strategic materials.

In spite of passing inconveniences and temporary near-crises caused by the reduction in imported supplies since 1941, Colombia will in fact benefit from the war. Domestic manufacturing is booming as never before, and the country is piling up the biggest reserve of foreign exchange that it has ever had. Inflation is the most serious problem, but the Colombian government is handling it with a skill that sets a pattern for other nations of the hemisphere.

Price control on basic commodities has been set up with the advice of United States experts, but this kind of inflation check is extremely hard to enforce in any Latin American country. More important than this has been a law requiring from 10 to 20 per cent of profits being rolled up now to be earmarked for postwar spending. This is a safety-valve against the pressure of unspendable money piling up, and at the same time makes it certain that war profits will not pool heavily into the hands of a clever few who find themselves in a position to take advantage now. It provides a postwar cushion in giving everybody who is making money now a reserve to use when the war boom slacks off. Colombia intends to keep its wealth evenly distributed and to keep its national economy off a roller-coaster if possible in the years ahead.

Official plans for the postwar period include government co-operation with private industry in speeding industrialization. A semi-official agency will promote development of power and iron production. It is now pushing new lead, zinc, mica and coal mining. A small steel mill is being financed at Medellín. But for a long time to come Colombia's manufacturing will necessarily be confined to light goods. The country hasn't any idea of going in for heavy products such as we export — and couldn't if it wanted to.

Policy-makers at Bogotá realize that the growth of industries will be slow. Furthermore, they know that most of Colombia's people live in the country and will for a long, long time. It has been obvious for years that a great deal remains to be done for this important sector of the nation, but the Colombian government has not in the past had enough money to undertake costly long-range programs. With the help of United States technical advisers, the government is today perfecting a plan under which agriculture as well as industry will be given a push forward after the war. This program will be co-operatively financed through a \$10,000,000 Export-Import Bank loan.

Specific projects will take up water supply, soil building, agricultural credit, storage and distribution of crops, introduction of new crops, establishment of experiment stations and nursery centers, soil conservation and reforestation. Very important

will be the colonization of new farming lands in Eastern Colombia. Programs to develop insecticidal plants, medicinals, industrial fibers, essential oils, spices, vegetable fats and rubber will give Colombia new exports that the United States can absorb. This in turn will enable us to sell even more to this traditionally excellent customer.

Fortunately for Colombians, the future of the main export crop is promising. Mild coffee is growing in favor and the Inter-American Coffee Agreement will without any doubt be continued until former world markets are open again to Latin American coffee-growers.

The Colombian people do not

make a parade of their talent for good national management. Nor does there seem any likelihood that they will be seized by a fever for "development" of the type that has proved a Frankenstein's monster to the happiness and stability of even the most advanced nations.

Everything will undoubtedly not be plain sailing, for they face many problems. But Colombia is now one of the few countries in which a tolerable balance has been struck between liberty and regulation, between wealth and poverty, between stability and advancement for most of its people. With a future bright in hope, this South American nation is rich in the things that count.



Criticism —

One of the commonest but most uncritical faults of criticism is the refusal to consider what it is that the author intended to give us.

— GEORGE SAINTSBURY

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.

— DISRAELI

PEACE TABLE

BY ELMA DEAN

SET up the table in a blackened field
where once high wheat,
moving to wind and yellowing in sun,
promised a generous yield.

Bring in the crushed, the burned, the drowned
dripping the sea — no, do not turn away;
gather the broken in if any know
where arms and legs were blown. . . .

Let none who had his comfort have first say
nor final word.

But let the dead be heard —
the once so young and strong.
And there are more — O more! The list is long:

Let all the sonless mothers come
(past solace and past weeping)
and wives who lie with only dreams
and little sleeping.

Carry the bloated children in and call
the beaten men to speak for Truth . . .
and let the ghost of Wilson head them all.



WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT LONGEVITY

BY THEODORE G. KLUMPP, M.D.

THE days of our years number threescore and ten according to the Bible. And if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, a newspaper reporter is likely to ask, "To what do you attribute your ripe old age?" Dr. G. M. Hammond, who was the best fencer on the 1912 American Olympic team at the age of 50, ascribed his long life to hard exercise. On the other hand, one of America's most distinguished lawyers, J. H. Choate, when he was in his early nineties remarked that the only exercise he took was as pallbearer at the funerals of friends who had exercised regularly. An Italian who lived to 100 attributed his long life to big black cigars which he smoked steadily and, as we all know, Winston Churchill thrives on more cigars, strain and hard work than perhaps any person of our time. The explorer Stefansson believed that a diet of meat alone provided the best nutrition for long life. Even alcohol has had its advocates, and one octogenarian stated

that never having gone to bed sober for twenty-five years was what preserved him so well.

Others who have outlived their contemporaries are certain that one thing or another, such as plenty of rest and sleep, avoidance of worry, a diet of milk and vegetables, or abstinence from alcohol or tobacco was the responsible factor. It is evident that the old-timers contradict one another and there is a lingering suspicion that some of them survive in spite of themselves.

It would be natural to assume that scientists have learned a great deal about longevity from centuries of medical observation. But unfortunately in studying the human life-span physicians are and forever will be handicapped by the fact that they too are mortal and death overtakes them before they have completed the study of even a single generation from beginning to end. Each scientist's work in this field is an unfinished experiment and therefore an insecure

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foundation upon which to base sound conclusions. And hearsay evidence without repeated corroboration is as unreliable in medicine as in law. For this and other reasons the scientific cupboard is very bare when we look for decisive facts concerning old age.

Although exercise, diet, alcohol and tobacco are the most discussed factors in regard to longevity, scientists still know very little about their actual relationship to the span of life. For instance we really don't know whether a man will live longer if he decides to continue exercising rather than sit whenever he can, or ride whenever he has an opportunity to walk. A disease called hyperthyroidism or exophthalmic goiter was thought at one time to throw some light on this question. Since the heart is forced to work harder in this condition, heart failure soon ensues from overwork. This would seem to show by analogy that hard work or exercise has the effect of wearing out the heart. Unfortunately, the argument is not so simple because under normal conditions nature imposes an automatic stop, and we now know that it is difficult if not impossible to strain or wear out the normal heart. It is also interesting that there is another disease called *hypothyroidism* which is the exact opposite of *hyperthyroidism*. In this condition all bodily processes are throttled down to the lowest limit compatible with life. Though patients with it spend a great deal of time sleeping, they don't live any longer than the rest. But we do know

that many of those reaching advanced old age are individuals that have worked hard. Farmers and farm laborers, for instance, experience much lower death rates than those with other occupations.

II

The influence of diet on longevity is a subject clouded in ignorance. Food faddists of all descriptions have argued the benefits of their particular pet diets. They cite shining examples of individuals living to ripe old ages to prove their points. But the mere fact of long survival doesn't prove a thing about longevity except perhaps how remarkable the human body is to stand so much abuse for such a long time.

Dr. Timothy Leary, the distinguished Boston pathologist, believed that foods rich in cholesterol, such as eggs and cream, predisposed to arteriosclerosis and should be avoided. In support of these views he was able to produce arterial damage and arteriosclerosis by feeding large amounts of cholesterol to rabbits. Scientists generally have rejected Dr. Leary's conclusions as far as human beings are concerned. They have reasoned that the rabbit is unable to utilize cholesterol properly because it is not one of its normal dietary constituents, whereas man who consumes cholesterol in large amounts, particularly in early life, handles it without detriment and perhaps to his advantage.

Vitamins are necessary for the

normal functioning of the body. Like adding water to the radiator of an automobile, however, there is nothing to be gained by pouring in more than the required amount. Unfortunately, it is not so simple to determine when the human machine has an adequate supply of vitamins, and apparently there are more cases of vitamin deficiency than has previously been suspected. Vitamin deficiencies are undoubtedly not conducive to longevity insofar as they prevent the body from functioning at maximum efficiency. But with vitamins and other beneficial food elements it does not follow that if a little is good, a lot more is better. These elements influence longevity only in that their absence is deleterious; but no gain accrues from an excess.

When we consider food from a standpoint of calories, however, we are on more certain ground. The scientist, Dr. Clive M. McCay, found that when he put rats on a diet adequate in quality but quite low in amount the life-span of these animals was significantly prolonged. Scientists rarely agree completely on anything, but in this all students of longevity are unanimous: Overweight is a factor that is highly prejudicial to long life. The great American physiologist, Anton J. Carlson, says, "The prevention of obesity in all people past 30 appears to be a prophylactic imperative, a must, in gerontology." In other words, "Fat people dig their graves with their teeth." Life insurance statistics bear this out. For

instance, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's eminent statisticians, Dr. Louis I. Dublin and H. H. Marks, give the mortality rate of normal individuals as 844 per 100,000 population, as compared with 1,472 for those who are 25 per cent or more overweight. The death rate from diabetes among men 25 per cent or more overweight is eight times that of normals and the mortality from coronary artery disease is one and a half times that of average-weight men.

On the question of tobacco, however, there is much less agreement. A few years ago the famous statistician Raymond Pearl came to the conclusion that smoking had an adverse effect upon longevity. Though he showed that smokers don't live as long as non-smokers, it does not follow from his data that the difference is due to smoking. As a statistical group there are other significant differences between smokers and non-smokers. The smoker is apt to be a more venturesome, nervous type. He places a high valuation on sensual stimuli. He is the fellow who has to be doing something, and the other things he does must be reckoned with as much as his smoking. The non-smoker is a fellow who successfully resists all the temptations to smoke that in our present society bombard him almost all day long. As a group, the non-smoker must represent a less nervous, more phlegmatic, temptation-resisting, less venturesome type. If he says no to smoking he is likely to have the

same answer to other things that might get him into trouble and shorten his life.

Naturally, there are exceptions to any classification of human beings, even classifications according to sex. But when we consider group tendencies, it is highly likely that these inherent differences in mental, constitutional and nervous characteristics are factors that influence life expectancy, and indeed may actually overshadow the effects of the smoking itself. Though Raymond Pearl's findings are not accepted as conclusive by our best medical statisticians, it is altogether clear that the use of tobacco is deleterious for at least some individuals. It causes spasm of the small arteries, reducing the blood flow to the extremities, heart and other parts of the body. In some cases increased blood pressure, heart irregularities and otherwise unexplainable excessive fatigue result from smoking. The denial of tobacco in certain conditions such as coronary disease, blood vessel disturbances, stomach ulcers and certain other less common disorders is based on sound reasoning. While many smokers live to a ripe old age, it is a fair conclusion that smoking does not add anything to longevity — and in some cases subtracts.

Alcohol — “the milk of the aged” — has provoked enough controversy to involve the Constitution of the United States. And yet the root of all the argument has been the failure to distinguish clearly between abusive

and moderate use of alcohol. The late Dr. Llewellyn Barker, professor of medicine at Johns Hopkins, told me that the man who used alcohol regularly below the age of forty was a fool, but the man who didn't use alcohol above the age of forty was a damned fool. There is not a scintilla of evidence that the *moderate* use of alcohol in middle life and beyond will shorten the life-span. And millions will bear testimony that long or short, alcohol makes life more endurable.

Few observations on longevity come, as we like them, in compact, neatly wrapped and sealed packages labeled “facts.” We must have more of them, but until we do, we will do well to rely on what has been termed “the wisdom of the body” by Dr. Walter Cannon, Harvard's great physiologist. This strange and wondrously constructed mechanism has an efficient automatic alarm and signal system to protect itself against harm and injury. When something is bad for the body, the signals of pain, distress or other symptoms of unpleasantness tell us so. We should heed these signals for they are reliable guides to longevity. As in so many things in medicine, common sense teaches what the test tube long afterward proves. Without common sense, the physician is barren indeed.

III

Does the human body with all its organs ordinarily grow old at an even pace, until one day it collapses like the one-horse shay? Or is there in this

complicated mechanism a weak link which ordinarily snaps and ends life before the rest of the body is worn out and ready to die? Pathologists who have the opportunity of studying human organs after death find that, barring accidents, the tissues of the heart, lungs, liver, nervous system, kidneys, digestive system and glands are ordinarily fit for many years of added service. For example, the author in collaboration with Dr. Joseph T. Wearn of Cleveland has repeatedly succeeded in the laboratory in causing the heart after death to beat forcefully and rhythmically for indefinite periods. What then gives way and ends life if we succeed in escaping accidents such as infections, and the most deadly of biological accidents, cancer?

It is the network of blood vessels, the transportation system of the body, that ordinarily deteriorates and causes death long before the rest of the body is functionally played out. An analysis of mortality statistics bears this out. The six major causes of death, in the order of frequency, are heart disease, cancer, intracranial lesions of vascular origin, kidney disease, diseases of the coronary arteries, and influenza and pneumonia (classified together). Pathological studies of numerous cases referred to as heart disease and kidney disease, particularly in the older age groups, reveal that a major proportion of these are directly due to deterioration of the blood vessels feeding these organs. In other words, the tissues of these organs would have been able to

sustain life for an indefinitely longer time if they had continued to receive an adequate blood supply. Deaths from influenza and pneumonia have been dramatically reduced in the last four years, since the official statistics were compiled. Only cancer remains as an important contender to blood vessel deterioration for the invidious distinction of "captain of the men of death." Even so, cancer causes approximately 120 deaths per 100,000 population, against more than 5,000 for the categories covering blood vessel deterioration. If we are to make any great progress in prolonging life it is obvious that the principal target of future research must be the blood vessels and their diseases.

By and large, in the animal kingdom the life-span of a species is said to be five or six times as long as its period of maturation. On that basis the normal span of man should be from 125 to 150 years, and indeed there are records of individuals living as long as 135 years. In one small region of the Caucasus, the Russian scientist Bogomolitz found twelve persons between the ages of 107 and 135. Now if some individuals can live that long, two things are possible of attainment: (1) the long-lived individuals can be made to live a little longer, and (2) the lives of many more and eventually most human beings can be prolonged to that ripe old age. But to achieve this we must learn much more about inherited chemical factors that influence longevity.

At present we actually know piti-

fully little about the rate at which we go down hill. We must recognize the fact that there has been no increase in the life-span beyond middle life, and we have not lived long enough with our modern urban, high speed civilization to know what effect it is having on our life expectancy.

Prolonging life does not mean prolonging old age, as some mistakenly think. On the contrary, it means extending the prime of life. What we need more than anything else in the postwar period is an adequate program of research on the problems of longevity. In the past we have been attacking concrete fortifications with pop guns. We have sent out skirmishing parties when we should have placed vast armies in the field. There are no over-all statistics on what is being spent on medical research, but it is evident that the amount is significantly less than the \$358,752,000 spent annually on industrial research

in the United States prior to 1941. The nearest comparable figure available is the sum of twelve and a quarter million dollars expended in 1940 by American foundations for research in medicine and public health.

We need only look at the research establishments in the various fields of endeavor to appreciate that medical research is still a small time and largely amateurish avocation. In fact, medical research is still regarded by some as a hobby of the otherwise busy physician. Medical research must be placed on a big time, full time, organized basis if we are to achieve great progress in the science of saving lives and health. The wonder is that we have achieved as much as we have. We have been promised a fabulous postwar world abounding with mechanical improvements and fascinating gadgets. But what good are these gadgets if we do not live long enough in good health to enjoy them?



*I*T is . . . the manner of hypochondriacs to change often their physician; and indeed they often do it consistently, for a physician who does not admit the reality of the disease cannot be supposed to take much pains to cure it, or to avert the danger of which he entertains no apprehension.

— WILLIAM CULLEN

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Art in a Squirrel Cage

IF AND WHEN the Government adds to its personnel a Secretary of Culture and I am delegated to the post through the instrumentality of the eloquence of Clare Boothe Luce and Helen Gahagan Douglas operating in sister unison, my first official act will be an order peremptorily calling for the burning of any and all books containing disquisitions on Art, including my own. My act will be based upon the increasing conviction that such books have done more to make Art a term of contempt among the great masses of the people than any ten thousand Shakespearean hams the world over, and that their cremation will do more to promote a widespread appreciation of and enthusiasm for Art than anything the human mind has yet been able to think up.

By way of preparation for my future office and public service I have lately reread no less than five dozen books which have exercised themselves in what their authors have deemed the one and only true definition of Art and, as a sacrificial guinea pig, I wish to say that as a consequence I have been clinically infected with such a distaste for Art that it will, I fear, be some time before I recover.

The business of defining Art seems

to have reached the proportions of the wholesale underwear business, and shows no signs of deteriorating. And since the definitions are as various and contradictory, and on the whole as dubious and confusing, as so many alleged cures for hay fever and Poland it is small wonder that most people are driven crazy by them and content themselves in saying to hell with the whole thing. The apostles of Art are, in short, its worst enemies. They have proudly explained it, insofar as the majority of persons are concerned, right into limbo.

No one esteems W. Somerset Maugham more highly than I do, but nevertheless one of the first books to go on the bonfire for its analysis of Art is his otherwise admirable *The Summing Up*. Thus, Maugham:

The value of Art, like the value of the Mystic Way, lies in its effects. If it can give only pleasure, however spiritual that pleasure may be, it is of no great consequence or at least of no more consequence than a dozen oysters and a pint of Montrachet. [Note. In *Cakes And Ale* it was Beauty that wasn't so satisfactory as a glass of cold beer. Willie is stealing from himself.] If it is a solace, that is well enough; the world is full of inevitable evils and it is good that man should have some hermitage to which from time to time he may withdraw himself; but not to escape them, rather to

gather fresh strength to face them. For Art, if it is to be reckoned with as one of the great values of life, must teach man humility, tolerance, wisdom and magnanimity. The value of Art is not beauty, but right action.

That our friend has here written some very pretty word music is not to be denied. But that he hasn't contributed further to the public befuddlement on the subject of what Art is and what it isn't is to be allowed, one fears, only by his one-eyed readers. The two-eyed will surely find themselves wildly chasing their tails trying to figure out, among other things, just how such hitherto recognized great Art as, say, the *David* of Michelangelo, the *Ninth* of Beethoven and half the painting of Rembrandt can possibly be reckoned with as one of the values of life in view of its failure to meet Maugham's demand that it teach man humility, tolerance, wisdom and magnanimity, singly or in combination.

II

To the flames will next be conveyed, in the interests of the public weal, T. S. Eliot's *The Sacred Wood* for this example of prime double-talk:

In a peculiar sense he (the poet) will be aware also that he must inevitably be judged by the standards of the past. I say judged, not amputated, by them; not judged to be as good as, or worse or better than, the dead; and certainly not judged by the canons of dead critics. It is a judgment, a comparison, in which two things are measured by each other. To conform merely would be for the new work not

really to conform' at all; it would not be new, and would therefore not be a work of Art. And we do not quite say that the new is more valuable because it fits in; but its fitting in is a test of its value — a test, it is true, which can only be slowly and cautiously applied, for we are none of us infallible judges of conformity. We say: it appears to conform, and is perhaps individual, or it appears individual, and may conform; but we are hardly likely to find that it is one and not the other.

If the innocent bystander isn't driven to forsake Art and marry Mae West on the spot after vainly trying to make head or tail out of such literary dialect, I am the wrong candidate for Secretary of Culture and they had better start looking around for another man at once.

The more the public is dosed up with such highfalutin' stuff, the farther off is the day when few people will disagree with the late Kin Hubbard's Abe Martin that "classical music is the kind that we keep hopin' will turn into a tune."

Consider, for another example, Komisarjevsky, whose *The Theatre* goes on the bonfire pronto if I have my way about it. "The unliterary theatre is the only genuine form of theatrical Art," pontificates Komy, who gallops on to observe that "the Art of the theatre is an Art of actors and directors and not of writers." Imagine the average man, hopeful of self-cultivation, not drooling at the mouth upon being inoculated with such balderdash. So the only genuine form of theatrical Art is not the literary theatre of anyone like Shakespeare, Molière or Shaw but the theatre of Owen

Davis, Anne Nichols or Phoebe and Henry Ephron! So the only real and true form of theatrical Art is a stageful of competent actors competently directed in some dish of illiterate garbage like *Good Night Ladies* or *School For Brides*.

Bang next on the pyre goes George Santayana's *Obiter Scripta* for sending the public farther on its way to the lunatic asylum with things like this:

To attempt to abstract a so-called aesthetic interest from all other interests, and a so-called work of Art from whatever work ministers, in one way or another, to all human good, is to make the aesthetic sphere contemptible. . . . When creative genius neglects to ally itself in this way to some public interest it hardly gives birth to works of wide or perennial interest. Imagination needs a soil in history, tradition or human institutions, else its random growths are not significant enough, and, like trivial melodies, go immediately out of fashion.

If all this is so, the average culture seeker, after vainly scratching his head to the bone, very likely asks how come then that the fine old rules of form, style and manner no longer in and of themselves count for anything; how come then that, despite the Santayana dictum, the plays of men like Strindberg still have a wide and perennial interest; how come then that trivial melodies like *I've Been Working On The Railroad*, *Make Believe*, *Melancholy Baby* and some hundred or more others such somehow haven't gone immediately out of fashion?

If for no other reason than that it contains the definition, "Art, even the most realistic in method, is confes-

sion and abbreviation," Ludwig Lewi-sohn's *The Creative Life* will also be invited to visit the bonfire. The abbreviation end of the definition may pass muster. But the confession theory, that is, that the artist inevitably cannot help betraying his psychological self in his work however much he may exercise himself to conceal it, offers considerable challenge to the future sanity of anyone trying to get the hang of the whole Art business.

The idea that such confession obtains in the case of numerous artists calls in the swallowing for a copious chaser of banana oil. Witness, for example, such exhibits as *The Cenci*, *Aida*, *The Dark Flower*, *The Spectre's Bride* (Dvořák), and dozens of others.

III

Think of the disastrous effect upon the average man's mind when he reads such things as the Goncourts' "Art is the eternization in a supreme force absolute and definite of the fugitivity of a creature or of a human being." Picture his bewilderment, upon his eventual recovery, when he then runs across something like Carulle Mendès' "In the Art of painting no painting is equivalent to the invisible reverse of the canvas." Imagine his doubled perplexity when a little later he reads Taine's "Arts of design require a soil not too highly cultivated," de la Roque's "All the arts the end of which is not immediate reproduction of nature, such as music, poetry and architecture, owe their processes to physical

laws the exactitude of which is mathematical," and Henry James' "Art is nothing more than the shadow of humanity." That his aesthetic soul may be saved, onto the bonfire all of them.

And with them onto the bonfire in the great cause of Art Alexander Bakshy's *The Theatre Unbound*, wherein this morsel: "The theatre, if its object is real Art, must free itself of illusionism." And Magnard for his "Individually the Arts have produced so many masterpieces that they seem to be exhausted," to say nothing of his "There is no dramatic expression in the Art of music." And Alfred Stevens for his remarkable "Flies respect the Art of good painting," not to forget his hardly less remarkable "A badly built man was never a master in the plastic Arts." And Houssaye for his matchless "In the literary Art it is

only bad books that are good for anything." And St. Gaudens for his "What garlic is to salad, insanity is to Art." And all kinds of others.

The wise words of Buckle provide our conclusion. "To look upon an acquaintance with literature as one of the objects of education," he said,

is to mistake the order of events and to make the end subservient to the means. It is because this is done that we often find what are called highly educated men the progress of whose knowledge has been actually retarded by the activity of their education. We often find them burdened by prejudices, which their reading, instead of dissipating, has rendered more inveterate. For literature, being the depository of the thoughts of mankind, is full not only of wisdom but also of absurdities. The benefit, therefore, which is derived from literature will depend not so much upon the literature itself as upon the skill with which it is studied and the judgment with which it is selected.



*H*YPOCRISY at the fashionable end of the town is very different from hypocrisy in the city. The more modish hypocrite endeavors to appear more vicious than he really is; the other kind of hypocrite more virtuous.

— JOSEPH ADDISON



The woman who took Tuberculosis in her stride...

A victim of tuberculosis is not necessarily condemned to the life of an invalid, if two things happen.

First, the early discovery of the disease . . . and second, the calm and systematic carrying out of the doctor's program of recovery.

Tragically, thousands of people today are carrying early tuberculosis around without realizing it. For it's not hard

to ignore a slight pain in the chest, a constant tired feeling, or a persistent cough. And it's not until they discover their sputum is blood-streaked that many tuberculosis victims see their doctor.

Even then it may not be too late. At first, twenty-four-hour-a-day rest and quiet are essential—the kind of care best afforded by a sanatorium. It may take a short or long time to build up

the resistance the body needs to fight off the disease, and establish the patient on the road to recovery. And after discharge from the sanatorium the real job has just begun.

For it is then that the patient must depend on *herself* to practice the routine already established.

She must be careful to have adequate sleep...proper diet...sensible recreation. She must avoid overexertion. In fact, these are wise precautions for any who fear tuberculosis.

Young adults, and teen-age boys and girls — especially the latter — are the most likely victims of active tuberculosis.

Parents should warn their families to be careful of chronic coughers who may be harboring the germs — many elderly people with “asthma” or “bronchitis” may have the disease.

And, since the surest way to find tuberculosis early is by routine examination, including X-ray, all of us, young or old, should be looked over regularly.

Precautions like these have contributed much to the decline of the tuberculosis death rate. Thirty years ago it was some 220 per hundred-thousand people. Today it is down to 40 per

hundred-thousand.

That's largely because of two developments. First, modern methods for finding tuberculosis *early*.

Second, adequate care for people *after* they have been discharged from the sanatorium — especially those who prematurely think themselves ready to resume an active, strenuous life.

To help you understand the importance of early tuberculosis recognition and its later rehabilitation, Metropolitan has prepared a booklet entitled “Tuberculosis.” Write for a free copy of booklet 45L, today.

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THE SAGA OF THE SOO CANAL

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

Of all the forgotten great stories of American industrial enterprise, that of Charles T. Harvey and the Soo Canal is perhaps the most obscure, just as it was one of the most important events of our mid-nineteenth century history. Harvey was the young traveling man for weighing scales who dreamed up the Soo Canal and then dug it in a rousing, slam-bang epic that historians have ignored, or never heard of. More than the Erie Canal, more than the Panama, the one mile of flinty ditch between Lakes Superior and Huron has changed the United States and affected its people.

Harvey had never been exposed to an engineering education or engineering experience. In 1852, aged twenty-one, he was at Sault Ste. Marie where he had been sent by his employers, the Fairbanks Scales Company of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, to establish agencies for their products in backwoods Michigan. Typhoid laid Harvey low, and while recovering from the attack he ranged west across Michigan's Upper Peninsula. Here he was amazed at what he saw. Iron ore in great quantities had been discovered there in 1844. There were hills of it, mountains of it — wonderful black ore. A great deal of it had al-

ready been dug by optimistic men, but it still lay in piles on top of the ground for there was no way to get it down the lakes to the rising industrial centers of Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York.

Young Harvey also saw the great copper deposits, many of them in pure form, in Michigan's Keweenaw country; like the iron, they were only waiting means to get them out where they could be used. The iron and the copper fascinated Harvey. Here was ore without end, but how to get it to the furnaces and the mills down on Lake Erie? They were a thousand miles off. There were no railroads, nor likely to be any for years. There was water, sure enough, *sailing* water, as far as Sault Ste. Marie, and sailing water beyond Sault Ste. Marie. But at the Sault — the Soo — there were only rapids, the swift, shallow waters of the St. Mary's River that connected Superior with Huron. Harvey mused for days while his lively imagination conjured up a canal around the dangerous rapids, which fell nineteen feet in a mile — a canal with locks, big locks, that could raise and lower the largest boat to sail the lakes.

Even before the Revolution men talked of a canal there, and by 1798

the Northwest Company of fur traders and rum-sellers had made a crude ditch for their canoe fleets; but this had long since ceased to be of any use, and no one had attempted a canal to carry steamboats around the rapids.

Harvey, the drummer, the salesman, envisioned such a canal. He saw a thousand miles of fine waterway, merely by making one mile of canal at the Soo — a waterway clear from the western end of Lake Superior to the Atlantic Ocean. It was a wonderful dream, but most men of the day considered it a fantastically foolish one. Michigan had wanted such a canal for a long time, but the Federal government, which had a reservation called Fort Brady at the Soo, refused to permit the building of a canal.

Young Harvey returned to Vermont and imparted his idea and some of his fire to his employers, the Messrs. Fairbanks, as hard-headed a crowd of Yankees as could be found. They were interested. They also had powerful friends in New York and Washington. Presently the matter was put before Congress again, and this time in spite of the rabid opposition of Henry Clay, Federal consent for a canal was given. "Why, it is," said that great man, referring to need of a canal, "it is a project beyond the remotest settlement of the United States, if not the moon." Clay didn't get around so much as Charles Harvey.

Congress finally voted a land-grant to aid in construction. And Harvey, with the backing of the Fairbanks family and their friends, undertook

the job of organizing a company to build the canal, and of directing the work as well. On June 1, 1853, when he was almost twenty-three years old, Harvey arrived at the Soo with a shipload of supplies and four hundred men he had inveigled into the adventure beyond the moon. "We will start digging here and now," he said, as he stepped hard on the top-side of a Number Two shovel to turn the first spade of earth.

II

Although the course was to be little more than a mile, the job was a titanic one in its day, for several reasons. Harvey's capitalist backers were all in New York or New England; at least six weeks were required for an exchange of letters. The nearest telegraph station was in Detroit, 450 miles away. The nearest machine shop of any description was on Saginaw Bay, half as far. Every stick of blasting powder must come from Delaware, a good thousand miles. Stone for the canal's sides had to be quarried near Malden, Ontario. And wrought iron by the hundred thousand tons had to come from 'way down in Pennsylvania.

The region around the Soo, it should be remembered, was savage backwoods country. There was not sufficient labor at or anywhere near the Soo to operate more than a few wheelbarrows. The four hundred men Harvey had brought with him soon began to thin out. So, Harvey sent

agents East to board ships from Europe before they docked in Boston and New York and grab off what immigrants they could. These determined and imaginative fellows told whopping big lies about the opportunities of getting rich by digging the Soo Canal, and they succeeded by various means in shanghaiing sufficient laborers to keep Harvey's forces at around fifteen hundred men.

The job was less digging than blasting. All drilling was done by hand, and there was a monstrous pile to be done — done through rock that was flinty long before history began and was getting harder, so the drillers said, every day. And this job at the Soo called not only for muscle but also for resistance to the elements. During the short days of winter, a winter of close to five months' duration, there was a bare eight hours of sunlight much of the time. The thermometer commonly hovered around zero, or below, with sudden drops to 35 degrees below zero.

But Harvey could match the winter; at the head of every runway for wheelbarrows — which were the main motive power for moving dirt — he stationed a man to watch the barrowmen and to rub promptly with snow the faces of those who gave sign of frostbite. He detailed crews of firemen to cut wood and keep great bonfires around which laborers might thaw out a bit — so long as they weren't too long about it.

Incredible winds roared down off Superior, bringing blizzards to pile

snow higher than the bunkhouse roofs, and sleet that stung like bird-shot. Tools and equipment were buried again and again. Men at work suddenly grew dreamy, then fell from cold and had to be taken to the bonfires to be thawed out — which some few never did. Good cookhouse refrigeration was assured, and every cook in the outfit was provided with an ax. When he wanted more meat he went out into the shed and hacked it off the sides of beef that were frozen hard as plank.

Young Harvey was no desk engineer. He faced the winds and the cold and the snow and drove his men to the limit. What hours he himself worked, no other man ever knew. He was up and about before the first cookhouse fire was started. And the working-stiffs told one another, wonderingly, of seeing Harvey, silhouetted against a high drift of snow, sighting his level by the light of Borealis itself. The Northern Lights blazed and crackled and dimmed, night after night, and the white pines along the right-of-way snapped and boomed from the intense cold. Nothing could stop Harvey's driving frenzy. This was the way America was to be built. . . .

During the winter, word came to Harvey that some members of the company had become alarmed at the difficulties faced in building a canal in such a climate and in such a place. One of Harvey's right-hand men on the job was John T. Whiting, an old-timer of the region. Harvey asked

him to go East to put heart into those of his backers who were growing faint. Whiting set out on snowshoes and walked to Saginaw, then journeyed East to Syracuse, Albany and St. Johnsbury, visiting members of the company into whom he managed to instil some of the fire and the iron that Harvey was expending on the project. They dug into their pockets for more cash.

The winter wore itself out, but it had thinned the ranks of the crew. Harvey had to resort to his immigrant agents again, and he also set man-catchers to work in Eastern cities, picking up down-and-outers who were shipped virtually under guard to the point of production.

The second winter was almost as bad as the first, but the work never ceased. Then, during the last few cruel months of the last spring and summer, an epidemic of cholera broke out in the camp. Men began to die at the rate of two a day, then four a day; and at last came a day when ten died. All of them were buried as discreetly as possible in the dark of the night, in an effort to keep the others, or most of them, from knowing that the disease was present in such deadly power. Harvey had to detail special trusted men to act as body-snatchers and undertakers, for more than two hundred died in all. The melancholy squads would wait until the crew had gone to work in the morning, then they would make the rounds of the bunks, collect the bodies, hide them, and at night bury them furtively here and

there in the woods, where their skeletons have since frightened generations of prospecting boys. But not a single day's work was lost by the crew.

It was a hard and cruel two years of work and pain and death. Only one strike marked it. The grumbling of hard-driven workmen at last flared up one day in resentment over the harsh conditions; more pay was demanded. Harvey met them, as he did everything, head-on. He shut down all the cookhouses and placed tough men armed with double-barreled shotguns at their doors. No work, no grub. The men debated. A thousand of them threw down their picks and paraded. Harvey sent word to them to parade and be damned — they would get nothing to eat until they worked. The strikers lost two meals, then returned to their drilling.

Presently it was discovered that the waters of Lake Superior were subject to a rise and fall of several feet annually, in addition to the changes occasioned by storms and wind. This meant still more work; the canal must be deepened by approximately one foot. It was done, and promptly.

III

Harvey's driving fury continued until, on April 19, 1855, he opened the sluiceway to the cofferdam on the Lake Superior side, and let the cold waters of Gitchie Gumees flow into Lake Huron by way of the Soo Canal. On June 18 the first boat, the steamer *Illinois*, Captain Jack Wilson, west

bound, was locked through without trouble. An event of more importance and more indicative of the canal's place in history took place on August 17. On that great day the brig *Columbia*, Judson Wells, master, with one hundred tons of fine, black Marquette-range ore on her decks, passed through the new Soo locks and canal on her way down to the iron-making ports along Lake Erie. It was a historic occasion of far greater importance than anyone could have dreamed, and it was not allowed to pass unnoticed. A blacksmith at Sault Ste. Marie fired an anvil-cannon that shook windows; and more than half of the males at the town were reported to have got drunker than so many boiled owls.

When the Soo Canal was dug, the iron ore beds of the Eastern United States, never very extensive, were nearly played out; the United States was fourth, possibly fifth, among the iron-making countries of the world. Twenty-five years later it was first.

The Soo Canal, more than any other thing, was responsible. It was the big factor in making good iron, then good steel, cheap. The Soo is also and by far the most important commercial canal on earth. In peacetime its waterborne commerce exceeded that of the Suez and Panama Canals combined, and the Soo, it should be remembered, is open to commerce no more than seven months of the year.

Since the beginning of World War II, the Soo is likely the most important mile in all the United States, for it is the mile that connects — as no roads or railroads could connect — the Menominee, the Marquette, the Gogebic and the Mesabi ranges with Pittsburgh, an affinity that creates guns and shells and armor plate and much else that is needed these days. I can't learn that a Liberty Ship has yet been named for Charles T. Harvey, but I hope one will. He deserves that much, even if all biographical dictionaries, including the *Dictionary of American Biography*, ignore him.



To feed men and not to love them is to treat them as if they were barnyard cattle. To love them and not to respect them is to treat them as if they were household pets.

— MENCIVS

MOLNAR

By ILES BRODY

WHEN the New York weather is fair, you may see Ferenc Molnar set out for his mid-day walk from the Plaza Hotel. The immortal author of *Liliom*, a dozen other successful plays, a score of novels, a thousand articles and short stories, walks slowly, halting and looking at a stop-watch now and then, taking pains to fulfill his doctor's instructions minutely. The heart of the sixty-six-year-old playwright is tired, although the hand that holds the pen and the brain that guides the hand are unimpaired. At an age when Anglo-Saxons usually find their second wind, Central European writers get somewhat weary physically.

You would immediately know that he is Molnar, or some equally outstanding European man of letters, the first time you saw him. There is something in the carriage of his medium-sized figure, in the rakish angle of his old, soft felt hat on his silvery head, in his polka-dotted bow tie, in his self-conscious effort to mingle with the crowd, that betrays him.

Since living in the United States

Molnar has rarely worn his monocle in public, but in his room he is never without this lens of four-dioptic strength on his left eye. He does take it off to read, however, and then holds the page within a couple of inches of his myopic little brown eyes. Long ago, in Europe, rumor had it that he never removed it even for washing — not only on account of that bad eye, but because in his youth he had the same contempt for cleanliness as Doctor Johnson had had all his life.

Molnar was born in Budapest, but the whole world is his home town. For many years there was a *bon mot* circulating about him to the effect that he lived in a four-room apartment — only the rooms were somewhat divided: one was in Budapest's Hotel Hungaria, another in the Imperial Hotel in Vienna, the third in the Danieli in Venice, the fourth in the Hotel Bad in Karlsbad. He kept these rooms all year round, so that when the urge to write a play came upon him, say in Venice, he could at once travel to Budapest, sit at his familiar desk and complete the manu-

ILES BRODY, globe-trotting countryman of Ferenc Molnar, has written many articles for national magazines and is the author of the recent book, *On the Tip of My Tongue*. Especially familiar with the gastronomic habits and preferences of the great, he is at present working on a book about the Colony restaurant.

script in three weeks. He seldom wrote the play where he thought it out; for actual writing he needed a different atmosphere.

He carried the play within himself for a year sometimes, and then would write it in beautiful longhand at an incredible speed, without changing a word.

"How does one become a playwright?" he was once asked by a lady with literary ambitions. "Not unlike the way a prostitute becomes a prostitute," answered Molnar. "First he writes plays out of pleasure. Then out of habit. Finally, he gets hardened and writes merely for money."

II

First Molnar wrote satirical short stories in Hungarian newspapers, not so much for money — he got only two or three dollars apiece — as for the sake of belonging to the Hungarian writer set, which was then at its zenith and envied by all outsiders and beginners throughout the land.

Molnar leaped into Budapest's bohemian *literati* from a respected middle-class family. His father was a physician, popular and well-to-do, who wanted to make a lawyer out of handsome, quick-witted, logical-minded Ferenc. So after having graduated from high school at the age of eighteen, Ferenc was sent to the University of Geneva. Here he attended classes with reluctance and distaste. When one day all the world's criminologists gathered for a conven-

tion at Geneva, he wrote a report of the proceedings, peppered it with interviews and sent it to Budapest's leading newspaper. The paper printed the article and enthusiastically asked for more. Thereupon, Molnar took the first train back to his native city and established himself as a "writer" in his father's house.

This business of writing appealed to him no end — it involved innumerable cups of the strongest coffee, long conversations with already arrived authors, a legitimate reason for being in the company of pretty chorus girls (who in that happy era openly favored struggling writers to dashing aristocratic cavalry officers or wealthy burghers), complimentary admission to all Budapest's theatres, free passage on all Hungarian railroads, a respectful salute from cabbies, plenty of old peach brandy and the fairest young lassies at Madame Frieda's — the town's foremost bordello and hangout of princes and poets.

The town, nay, the whole country — everybody who could read — was soon reading Molnar. And as they did, they either held their sides laughing or shed tears of pity. Molnar's wonderful stories about "small fry" were full of human interest and emotional appeal. But these stories were much more diversified than one is able to describe; in their very multiformity and literary excellence lay the foundation of Molnar's fame and fortune.

That fame is well established; there are few educated people in the civi-

lized world today who do not know who Molnar is. His fortune is also well established, and is estimated by his intimate friends as amounting to as much as half a million dollars. But whether or not this figure is accurate, it is still common knowledge that he is financially comfortable and that most of his capital is quite liquid, which is understandable in the case of a globe-trotter. The stage productions of *The Play's the Thing* and *Liliom* were his biggest money-makers. But he received only \$500 for *Liliom's* silent-film rights. *The Swan* brought a great deal of money to everybody except Molnar, for he sold all rights for \$4000 while he was down with a fever of 102°. But since then Hollywood has bought almost everything Molnar has ever written, paid fat prices and would gladly give him \$5000 a week if he would choose to go out there.

He values currency nearly as much as Monsieur Voltaire did, and up to ten years ago he was known as a tight man. But with the growth of the Nazi menace in Europe, the importance of mere money lessened for a man such as Ferenc Molnar, and he began helping needy friends and even strangers. Today he is put down by indigent European exiles as a relatively easy touch. In the old, less generous days, he was once asked for a loan of 20 kronen by a poor (in more ways than one) writer named Stern, whom he knew only very slightly. Molnar gave him just one. The poor writer was indignant: "What, the famous Mol-

nar gives me only one kronen?" "No," answered the author calmly, "the obscure Stern receives merely one kronen."

Molnar himself was obscure around the turn of the century. But his rise to fame began with almost his first play. He had a few local successes, and then he wrote *The Devil*. However, by saying simply that he wrote it, we are doing him an injustice. He designed the sets, the costumes — down to the devil's shoes which resembled hoofs — composed the *entr'acte* music, directed the play and, because he is a born linguist, made sure that the French quotations in the play were correctly pronounced by the Magyar actors. Again he had a success, but once more it would have remained a local one were it not for a happy coincidence.

Ermete Zacconi, the great Italian actor, was giving a few guest-performances in Budapest at the time. On an off night, soon after *The Devil* opened, Zacconi went to see it. He came out of the theatre an inspired man. He had to have a translation of *The Devil* into Italian in three days — and he had it. In another few weeks *Il Diavolo* was presented in Torino. Molnar was there, back-stage. But when he heard the terrific whistling after the first act, he ran out of the building and never halted until he had found a bistro where he drank himself into an insensible stupor. In Hungary whistling meant utter dissatisfaction on the part of the audience; while in Italy, just as in the United States,

people can't ruin their hands by constant applause.

The night when Molnar rested his aching head on the marble-top table of the bistro in Torino, Hungarian playwrights were discovered by the world, for better or for worse. *The Devil* became the rage in every fair-sized town in Europe, and it was shown at the same time on three different stages in New York: in English, German and Jewish productions.

III

In 1911, when *Liliom* was first performed in Budapest, Molnar again was made to think he was a failure. It was the biggest undeserved flop in the theatrical history of that city, except perhaps for the time when Caruso was booed off the stage at the Royal Hungarian Opera. His wife was furious at Molnar's failure and said bitterly, "Now promise me you'll never write such a play again!" Today the great dramatist smiles resignedly and says, "I promised her, and I kept my promise. I never wrote such a play again . . ."

The real trouble with *Liliom* was Molnar's stubbornness and his incredible superstition. He insisted that the title rôle should be played by the same middle-aged actor who had brought such great success to *The Devil*. It was no go. Molnar was heartbroken and tried hard to figure out what was the matter. Finally he thought he had hit on it — *Liliom* consisted of only six letters, and his

former successful plays all had names with seven. (That is, in Hungarian: *Az Ördög* (*The Devil*), *A Farkas* (*The Wolf*), *A Hattyu* (*The Swan*), etc.)

The great author, the logical-minded philosopher, the man with the razor-edge wit and keen brain, was childishy cabalistic. Nevertheless, *Liliom*, despite the six letters and the Budapest débâcle, was a tremendous success in Vienna — and later in every corner of the earth. New York producers, with not uncustomary blindness, refused to see the possibilities, however, and for six years it was vainly peddled up and down Broadway. Finally the Theatre Guild took a chance — and was rewarded with a smash hit which ran for 970 consecutive performances. In this drama, which opened up a new vista for all modern playwrights, Molnar wrote about himself, just as he did in most of his plays. *Liliom* did not treat his Juliska with gloved hands, and neither did Molnar spoil his first wife with whom he was living at the time when the idea of *Liliom* was first born.

It was also personal experience which gave him the idea for *The Guardsman*. He was invited by the vice squad of the Budapest police to go with them to raid a den of homosexuals. As a born reporter, he grabbed the invitation, and as an imaginative individual who fancied himself a Sherlock Holmes, he rushed to a theatre and had the make-up man go to work on him. His disguise was wonderful: gray wig, dark glasses,

white mustache and bushy beard. Furthermore, he pretended to have a limp and walked with the aid of two crutches.

After the raid, the delinquents were taken to court, where they tried to deny the words of the detectives as to what had been going on when they were seized. Finally one of the fellows who gave evidence pointed at the camouflaged Molnar and put it to the magistrate in desperation: "Judge, if you don't believe me, ask Mr. Molnar. He was there . . ." When after the arraignment the astonished Molnar asked the man how he knew that it was he under the clever disguise, the man answered that he had recognized him without trouble. Thus, in *The Guardsman* an actor disguises himself to test his wife's faithfulness, and at the end of the play the woman tells him that she knew all the time that it was he.

In still another case, Molnar's third wife, Lili Darvas, the actress, once loudly rehearsed a love scene in a room adjoining the author's in the Hotel Imperial in Vienna. Molnar jealously rushed into the room — only to find his wife alone, reciting her rôle. And *The Play's the Thing* was born . . .

He was married three times. First to Margit Veszi, daughter of a famous newspaper man; this marriage ended in divorce, and Miss Veszi now lives in Hollywood. Next he married Sari Fedák, highest-ranking Hungarian musical comedy actress; this marriage was also terminated by divorce. Miss

Fedák is in Budapest. His third wife was Lili Darvas, one of Reinhardt's best young actresses, who is now on the New York stage. Though Miss Darvas and Molnar are at present living apart, they are still the best of friends.

Molnar's play-acting ability was put to serious test while he was married to his first wife. As a true bohemian, he liked to rise late (often not until 7 P.M.) and spend his evenings abroad. His wife remonstrated. Every night, in order to get away to play cards, Molnar had to cook up a little drama that was a masterpiece. Eventually, Mrs. Molnar suggested that her husband invite his companions to the house to play. But the inconsiderate friends irritated her by gambling until all hours of the morning. Once, when Molnar called out to his wife to cook something and bring it in, the young lady decided to teach them a lesson. She fried a pack of cards in butter and placed the ramekin solemnly before the guests.

Molnar married Miss Fedák after having been her good friend for ten years. He came to the long-delayed ceremony in a lounge suit. Miss Fedák reproached him for not putting on tails in accordance with the custom of European marriages. "I wear tails to opening nights only," the great playwright answered simply.

Molnar, who today eats sparingly and drinks and smokes not at all, was gayest before World War I. At that time he drank a great deal, smoked like a chimney and ate prodigiously.

He owned one of the first automobiles in horsy Hungary. He played hard and worked hard. But the outbreak of war in 1914 put a stop to his frolicking. He was accredited as a military correspondent and soon proved himself to be one of the most brilliant the dual monarchy of Austria-Hungary ever hoped to have.

When he came back from the war, he was a sadder man. So was Budapest sadder. Twenty-two years ago he exiled himself from the place which had given him so much grief and happiness combined. Until that time he had spent the greater part of the year in Budapest, and the lesser part abroad; but for the past twenty-two years he has gone home only for a few weeks each year.

Since 1939 Molnar has made his home in New York. Today he lives at the Plaza Hotel in a small, narrow room. His philosophy has always been to live in the smallest room in the choicest hotel, and to eat in the nearest, best and cheapest bistro. Molnar swears by the Plaza, which he pronounces the best hotel in the world. "Marvelous place. Where else could I

have twenty-one servants?" he asks. No doubt, he figures in this number the bell-hops and elevator boys. But the author kicks about the eleven-cent telephone charges; this makes him furious, and he uses the apparatus as infrequently as possible.

Molnar, at sixty-six, is still writing steadily. He has just finished a book of memoirs and is at work on a novel at present. He is thankful that he has learned to be the systematic type of writer who works for a certain number of hours every day, like Emile Zola, who did exactly thirteen pages daily, or Somerset Maugham, who writes from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M., rain or shine.

Ferenc Molnar, the author who built his great renown with plays and novels based on unreality, is a realist in life, and cannot stand lies or even ordinary distortion of fact. He, himself, is completely truthful, and he flies into a rage when someone exaggerates. It is a pity that a Boswell is not present at such times, because even when angry, Molnar sounds fascinating and offers much that would tempt a master-biographer.



Human Nature —

It is high time, it seems to me, that a moral game-law were passed for the preservation of the wild and vagrant feelings of human nature.

— ALEXANDER SMITH

There is a great deal of human nature in man.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

Appeasement In Yalta

BY EUGENE LYONS

THE conference of the Big Three in Yalta on the Black Sea reached firm decisions for common military action to finish off Germany. No one in his senses can question the importance of this fact. No criticism of any other aspect of the meeting can detract from the value of this central achievement.

It need not follow, however, that the rest of the proceedings are thereby sanctified and exempted from honest analysis and criticism. On the contrary. Now that the doom of Germany, already certain, has been triple-sealed, the charge of "aid and comfort to the enemy" can no longer be used as a moral club over the heads of critics of official policies.

Those who greet the attainment of military unity on the European phase of the World War as a great victory for Mr. Roosevelt seem strangely mixed in their logic, not to mention their emotions. Why is the coordination of effort against a common foe any more of a triumph for one ally than the others? Why the unmanly shouts of relief because one of the Allies has agreed to behave like an ally? Why the assumption that Amer-

ica and Britain, rather than Russia, have special cause to rejoice over the united front against Hitler?

Let's face the simple truth. Underlying such assumptions is the implication that Russia is the recalcitrant, unpredictable member of the team, requiring subtle handling and extra inducements to keep it in line. Those who are loudest in their hurrahs for the new military unity — something that might have been taken for granted — betray that they are the most jittery about Russia's larger purposes. The readiness of such men to pay without argument any price that Stalin demands for his co-operation — their eagerness to blow up every marginal Russian "concession" into a major accomplishment of Allied diplomacy — reflects an inner conviction that for some reason Moscow must be placated, appeased and soft-soaped.

This conviction, apparently shared by Mr. Roosevelt, is the key to what happened in Yalta.

Before and during the Big Three meeting, it was widely described as a three-handed poker game. Now the game is over. It only remains for his-

tory to pay off on the chips held.

The fact that the two democratic players lost to the one totalitarian player is not in itself remarkable. By general admission he held the best cards: his armies occupied nearly all of Eastern Europe and were sweeping rapidly across Germany; Soviet support against Japan was being solicited; in nearly all countries Stalin controlled the organized support of fanatic communist minorities even against their own governments.

In Teheran and elsewhere he had shown himself the most skilled player. Through a series of one-sided actions — the establishment of a hand-picked government in Poland, the imposition of a régime of his own selection in Bulgaria, the overthrow of a government in Persia, to mention only a few items — he had in effect made sure that the best cards were in his hands.

The results, therefore, were almost inevitable and had been, in large measure, discounted in advance. Had the losers cared frankly to acknowledge their unpleasant plight, they would have won a large measure of understanding and sympathy from their home folks. The thing that defies understanding is that, in our country, Uncle Sam is being presented as having broken even, if not actually emerged as a winner, when he so obviously lost his shirt of principles and pawned a large part of his future moral wardrobe as well.

The Yalta declaration was so trickily worded that even Mr. Herbert Hoover was excited into premature

endorsement. Mr. Walter Lippmann was so overwhelmed by the mere fact that the game did not break up in a fist fight that he hailed the results in polysyllabic periods as one of the noblest achievements of all time. As for the Kremlinophile papers and commentators, they simply sputtered in otherworldly delight.

In explaining the phenomenon of universal joy, here in the U.S.A., over Stalin's major exactions and minor concessions, one suspects cynicism but generously settles for ignorance as the prime cause. Ignorance, and that notorious American addiction to fancy verbiage which keeps our public relations industry prosperous.

For most Americans it seems enough that the Atlantic Charter was reaffirmed, never mind that its principles were violated in adjoining paragraphs. The fact that unilateral decisions have been confirmed and fortified somehow is lost in the reverberations of the rhetoric of unity. Because capily contrived assurances of "unfettered" elections are set forth for the future, immediate conditions which preclude democratic elections are overlooked and by inference condoned.

Above all, the fancy words serve to conceal the vast and disquieting silences which history may well recognize as the most significant part of the Crimean tragedy.

There is not a word, for instance, about Latvia, Esthonia and Lithuania, whose diplomatic spokesmen are still recognized in Washington. Silence shrouds the fate of Bulgaria and Ru-

mania, where remaining liberals, Social Democrats and other such "Fascists" are being systematically liquidated, along with some real Fascists, under Red Army supervision. No hint is uttered about the Soviet campaign for dominance in the Near East that is centered in the northern provinces of Iran.

Impenetrable silence, moreover, blankets the problems of free speech, free press and adequate facilities for United Nations observation in areas under Russian control. Those problems have been brought into high relief recently by our State Department's admission of failure to obtain access to Soviet-controlled areas for American reporters. Early in February Under-Secretary of State Grew told a press conference that "after prolonged negotiations" our government had "failed to gain access for American and British correspondents as a group to any of the Balkan countries except Greece." They have also been brought to light by repeated expulsions of American officials from Bulgaria; by the exclusion of United Nations observers from liberated areas in Eastern Europe; by the endless obstacles raised even against UNRRA personnel bringing relief to starving populations in Poland, Yugoslavia and elsewhere.

The fact of the matter is that the outside world today is permitted to know even less about what goes on in the areas in question than it did before their liberation. The indirect channels of information through newsmen of neutral countries and through under-

ground sources are choked off with an efficiency born of long practice wherever the Red Army penetrates.

The promises of the Yalta conference, insofar as they refer to Soviet-dominated territories, are reduced to a macabre joke as long as the more democratically minded peoples of the world are forbidden to know what transpires in those places.

* * *

The "solution" of the Polish question offers the clearest example of cynical double-talk. Here the insult to democratic self-respect is most humiliating because the moral commitments of the United Nations are most explicit.

Poland is neither an enemy nor a satellite nation. It was the first country to resist Hitler and, in relation to its size, has made the largest sacrifices in the fight for freedom. It is a charter member of the United Nations. Its independence and integrity have been repeatedly guaranteed by every other United Nation, including Russia — a guarantee fulsomely reiterated by President Roosevelt in his pre-election statements.

The legitimate government of Poland has never wavered in loyalty to the common cause. Its armies were fighting heroically side by side with ours at the very moment when the dismemberment of the country and its subjection to a quisling group were being debated on the shores of the Black Sea. Of all the underground movements in Europe that of Poland was the most remarkable in its organ-

ization, its unbroken coordination with the constitutional government in exile, and its achievements in the face of Hitler's most concentrated repressions. When the full story of this period is finally told, the Warsaw uprising of last August against the Germans will stand out as one of the most glorious episodes of the war.

The Big Three faced a clear-cut choice between two provisional governments for Poland. One was a hand-tooled puppet régime fashioned in Moscow, enjoying only Russian recognition and subservient to the will of the Kremlin. The other was the government that had led the struggle against the invaders from the outset, recognized by all the United Nations except Russia, supported by the Secret State of its country's underground and by the Polish armed forces in the Allied ranks.

Granting that under war conditions no régime can be fully representative of an occupied country, could there be any doubt as to which of the two governments came closer to representing its people? Could there be any question as to which of them was entitled to take over until such time as the people could be consulted in a free election?

Yet the Yalta meeting brushed aside the legitimate government in favor of the Moscow-made régime. Then it proceeded to add insult to grievous injury by presenting its choice in the transparent disguise of a "compromise" arrangement for which Mr. Roosevelt claimed full "credit."

As one surveys the sorry picture there is not a touch of candor or honest sorrow to relieve the ruthlessness of the sell-out. Indeed, all the devices of public-relations legerdemain are brought to bear to make the United Nations defeat look like a victory for "unity."

And the hocus-pocus has succeeded. Even William L. White, who should know better, editorially described the business as "an agreement with the Russians that both the London government in exile recognized by England and America and the Lublin Committee of National Liberation" should be "scrapped." Nearly everyone else understood it in this wise — because the Yalta formula was planned to produce such confusion.

Nothing could be farther from the truth than the notion that *both* régimes will be scrapped. On the contrary, the Yalta decisions in effect withdraw recognition from the London group and extend it to the Lublin group. They provide explicitly that "the provisional government which is now functioning in Poland" should continue in control — "reorganized on a broader democratic basis," but still the Lublin crowd.

To anyone except those eager to console or delude themselves, this means full capitulation to Russia on the Polish issue. Stalin's magnanimous "concession" comes down to the addition of a few new officials as a sop to British-American opinion.

Let those who doubt this suppose that the arrangement had been slightly altered. Suppose that the Big Three

had agreed that "the provisional government which is now functioning *in London*" would be "reorganized on a broader democratic basis." Obviously that would have been a resounding defeat for Stalin. Its opposite is, by the same token, a profound defeat for the democratic members of the triumvirate. The fact that it has been carefully phrased to take in even unwilling victims like Mr. White, let alone eager victims like Messrs. Lippmann, Shirer, Swing, *et al*, merely adds a dimension of extra deceit to an act of appeasement that history will rank with those compounded by Chamberlain and Daladier in Munich.

Had the sacrifice of Poland been reported by our President as a grim but unavoidable act of military necessity, we might have swallowed our pride but salvaged some remnants of our conscience. When it is passed off on a gullible public as a just settlement — more, as a magnificent Rooseveltian triumph — we are face to face with a moral outrage that will haunt our history whatever the ultimate consequences.

* * *

Most disheartening of all, in the Yalta meeting, was the smokescreen of rhetoric thrown around areas where terror prevails. The device for obscuring totalitarian behavior today was to promise "free and unfettered elections" in some vague future. Though we have in recent years witnessed so much dictatorial hocus-pocus under the guise of free elections — in Germany, in Russia under its stillborn

Stalin Constitution, in Eastern Poland and the Baltic countries after the Hitler-Stalin bargain was consummated — we seem ready to swallow a few more hefty helpings even now.

In Poland today, the Russians — directly and through their Lublin puppets — are rounding up and "liquidating" underground leaders suspected of loyalty to their legitimate government. If the process continues, "election time" will merely register the unanimous surrender of a purged, battered, leaderless and spiritless people. And nothing has been done by the Big Three to stop or curb that process — or even to enable the rest of mankind to see what is happening.

The kind of people being liquidated as "Fascists" in Poland can be surmised from the fact that a Fascist label was stuck on the corpses of Ehrlich and Alter, Polish labor leaders and Socialists, when they were executed by Stalin a few years ago. It is apparent concretely, not as a surmise, in the detailed reports, some of which were published in recent issues of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, still being received from its underground by the Polish government in exile. Soon enough, however, the underground and the government alike will be finally destroyed and no more reports will be forthcoming. Darkness will reign as completely as in any interior province of Russia itself.

The liquidation of democratic leaders and hordes of their followers in Soviet-controlled Balkan lands can be discerned even through the news

blackout. In Bulgaria, the Red Army kicked over the government of capitulation favored by Britain and the United States and installed a régime headed by two of the most notorious reactionaries in that part of the world, Kimon Gheorghieff and Damian Veltcheff. This Moscow-made government has been "purging" on a large scale. True and tried democrats are lumped with pro-Nazis in the kind of judicial "amalgams" made famous in the Moscow trials and liquidated together.

The trials of real or alleged collaborationists in Western Europe and Italy are reported to the world. Those in Soviet areas proceed in the deep shadows of nearly total censorship. A glimpse of the shocking facts in Bulgaria has been provided by a New York *Times* correspondent, Joseph M. Levy, who succeeded in visiting Sofia briefly. His dispatches, of course, were filed after he left Bulgaria.

"The world has been fooled by Bulgarian political adventurers," Mr. Levy was informed by Balkan specialists who in the nature of the case could not be named. "They control the radio and press . . . and are trying to eliminate the real proponents of democracy in Bulgaria."

By way of example, Mr. Levy cited the jailing of "three Bulgarian democratic leaders, Nicola Mustanoff, Athanas Buroff and Dimiter Gitcheff" as war criminals and pro-Fascists. These men, the *Times* reporter indicated, "have been stalwart fighters for democracy in Bulgaria."

Another American journalist, Leon

Dennen, recently returned from the Balkans where he had spent eight months as representative of a New York refugee rescue group. Writing in the *New Leader*, he declared:

The people of the United States are not being told the truth. They were never informed of the fact that Soviet Russia ruthlessly suppressed a genuine democratic revolution in Bulgaria, that American tanks and bayonets and American lend-lease material have imposed on Bulgaria a Fascist-Communist government, that all pro-Americans have been shot or jailed by [Russian] General Tolbukhin. . . . In Poland, in the notorious Nazi slaughter house of Maidanek, the Russians have now organized a concentration camp for thousands of pro-Allied Poles, Socialists and labor leaders. . . . In Yugoslavia, hundreds of liberals, Socialists, democrats and followers of Mikhailovitch — men and women who fought on our side during the entire critical war period — are being shot in the hundreds by the Stalin-Tito controlled GPU.

While Yalta was polishing formulas about future elections, the totalitarian forces were thus in effect "fixing" the character of the electorate with the instruments of terror. A committee of American Serbs, headed by Bishop Dionisije, declared recently:

More than 40,000 leading persons, officers and soldiers and members of the families of men in exile, whether in governmental service, military service or imprisoned in Germany, have been arrested in Belgrade and Serbia. This has been accompanied with a threat that unless those in exile submit to dictator Tito's edicts, they shall be held as hostages in concentration camps and eventually executed. Up to December 1 of this year [1944] 245 leading citizens of Belgrade have been arrested and executed by dictator Tito's forces under di-

rect orders of the supposed liberators of Belgrade.

Charges of this sort — and there are reams more — made by reputable Serbians in America cannot be lightly brushed aside. In some there may be an element of exaggeration that can be credited to partisan feelings. But unfortunately too many other reports from other directions support almost all these allegations.

In an article in a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* by John Chabot Smith — an article heavily weighted in Tito's favor — we read:

In many ways the Communists of Yugoslavia today are like the Communists of Russia in 1917. They are extremists, they are intent on the business of revolution, they liquidate the opposition ruthlessly. . . . Political commissars keep close watch on everything done by both military and civilian officials. Their spy system is apparently well organized, for people who are seen in the wrong company, or who make unwise remarks in public, are promptly punished, often by arrest or death. . . . Generally speaking, in Partisan-held [Tito] territory, if you are not a Partisan you do not eat — at least you don't eat well.

Death for "unwise" remarks! These are the conditions under which Yugoslavia, according to the Crimean pronouncement, is being made ready for free and unfettered elections. After a year or two of this Communist treatment, even Comrade Tito will risk a free election.

The Big Three are pledged to assist in supervising the voting only when and "where in their judgment conditions require." Their intervention in

Yugoslavia, Poland, Bulgaria and other regions held long enough by Stalin will assuredly not be "required." It will be as superfluous as giving medical treatment to a corpse.

Another "triumph" of American statesmanship in Yalta is the so-called "compromise" on voting procedure in the Security Council set up by the Dumbarton Oaks convention. Although announced, for some reason, with an air of great mystery, the essential facts were quickly spilled. Unless changes are introduced between now and the meeting scheduled for San Francisco, an aggressive Big Power will still enjoy the right of veto on proposed punitive economic or military measures *against itself*.

The "compromise" feature is that the accused Big Power will not be allowed to vote while the charges are being discussed, but only in relation to active punitive measures. No matter how this is interpreted, it still exempts the Big Powers from the ultimate consequences of their own aggression within the international organization. Soviet insistence on such exemption is what disturbed the proceedings at Dumbarton Oaks. Mr. Roosevelt did not have to travel to Yalta to sell such a make-believe compromise; he could have done it by staying at home.

If the new international league is to have any validity, it must provide assurances against possible aggression precisely by the major nations. The threat to world peace is not likely to come from military *coups* by Bolivia or Siam or Holland. To give Russia,

Britain and the United States what amounts to immunity to punitive action converts the whole world organization into a false-front for an old-style Three-Power alliance.

In this matter, as in the Polish and Yugoslav decisions, a capitulation to Soviet wishes has been dressed up as a "compromise" and the result is additional confusion.

* * *

The crime of Crimea, the virtual surrender of Eastern Europe to totalitarianism, can be explained only on grounds of urgent expediency. Had candor rather than cant prevailed, we would have been tipped off that moral values and democratic hopes had to be sacrificed at this time on the altar of irreducible necessity. The British-American diplomatic débâcle would then have had the dignity of tragedy. It would have given our people to understand that while we had to

compromise with principles and in some cases shut our eyes to them, nevertheless we still had not thrown our convictions overboard. Instead our leaders chose to indulge in shabby public-relations verbiage and the result is tragic farce.

None of us knows what surprises history has in store for mankind. The peoples of the democratic nations may still undo some of the mischief concocted by their leaders. The faith in freedom and justice — yes, even in democracy — which is the solace of our fighting men and of their families at home may prove more potent than the "realism" which too frequently obsesses the minds of statesmen.

Having recorded the all-important fact of military unity, we must as free and thinking men, after studying the rest of the record, speak out without hesitation against bargains such as those just brought back from Yalta.



Advice to the Married —

The Last Word is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more strive to get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb-shell. Married people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look after the weak parts of the ice, in order to keep off them. Ladies who marry for love should remember that the union of angels with women has been forbidden since the flood. The wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attracts, there is nothing to keep heavy bodies, like husbands, from flying off into space. The wife who would properly discharge her duties must never have a soul "above buttons." Don't trust too much to good temper when you get into an argument. Sugar is the substance most universally diffused through all natural products! Let married people take the hint from this provision of nature.

— *Godey's Lady's Book*, June 1858

THE TROPICAL DISEASE, FILARIASIS

BY HAIGHT THOMPSON

MANY a Pacific island paradise has a nightmarish quality that persists even after the last Jap, if any, has been eliminated: for the natives are riddled with filariasis, a disease which often makes human grotesques of its victims. It is an infestation with worms. They coil their slim bodies in lymph glands and channels until, in advanced cases, the dammed-up lymph produces the revolting swellings of elephantiasis.

To troops brought up in the nice, clean U.S.A., the sight of the deformed natives is an unforgettable shock. Contrary to the impressions given by the sarong movies, in some villages in islands of the Samoan, Tongan and Wallis groups, 85 per cent of the inhabitants are visibly crippled. The Solomons and New Guinea are not so bad, but legs that are eighteen inches around at the ankle, arms so large that they stand out from the body, huge, hard-looking breasts, and enormous genitalia are not uncommon. Such sights only tend to increase our boys' feelings of insecurity, already acute from being in a strange land and up against a tough enemy.

Lieut. Howard P. Rome and Lieut. Comdr. R. Marwood Fogel have described in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* how morale collapses: first, the curious boys begin investigating and soon discover "adult males whose external genitalia are as large as coconuts, watermelons and, occasionally, beer kegs"; second, they make coarse jokes in an attempt to laugh off the deep-seated worry that their own genitalia will get to be like that; last, when the first stages of filariasis (transient swelling, redness and pain) appear among the troops themselves, they develop "a mood of hopeless helplessness."

More than 3,000 Americans (mostly Marines) with filariasis have been evacuated to the U.S.; last summer the Army alone sent 750 home. Navy doctors say it is the "hardest single thing" they have had to cope with. But they are not very worried about elephantiasis — the disease is unlikely to develop so far if a man moves to the temperate zone. The "hard" thing about filariasis is that it creates casualties for whom no specific drug exists and, worse yet, whose mental depres-

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sion is out of all proportion to the physical illness.

The patients are a moping, brooding lot, afraid of what Lieut. Rome calls "deformity, impotence, sterility and ostracism, a foreboding quadrad." They are afraid to go home for fear they may soon be objects of pity; they write their fiancées that marriage is now impossible because of "a disease which is common out here"; they worry lest people think they have a venereal disease; they are concerned lest they infect others. None of these fears has much basis in fact. But, in spite of repeated reassurance, the men cling to them because when something threatens his reproductive organs, a man's whole being is badly shaken.

II

From the life-history of the filaria worm, it can be seen that these men are unduly alarmed. For while the disease is permanent in a few careless beachcombers and natives who live with it year in and year out, in white visitors it is only a temporary misery.

There are about five important kinds of filaria worms. One produces knobby green swellings on the exposed skin of inhabitants of Guatemala and nearby countries. The *loa loa* of Africa wanders through the body and is sometimes captured as it traverses the eye. (Strangely, it does little harm.) There is another filaria that sometimes causes blindness. A Malayan filaria causes arms and legs to

swell. But the worm which worries the Marines, *wuchereria bancrofti*, produces swellings almost anywhere on or in the body and lives in tropical and semi-tropical lands girdling the globe. It infests perhaps millions of people in Central Africa, Spain, northeast South America, the West Indies, the South Pacific, northern Australia, New Guinea, parts of China, India (150,000 in Calcutta alone) and Ceylon.

All filariae are transmitted by flies or mosquitoes. *Wuchereria bancrofti* travels in mosquitoes and is not particular as to the breed. The mosquitoes get the worms from infested people, who have millions of microscopic larvae in their blood. Fortunately, larvae (called microfilariae) cannot grow large until picked up and delivered by a mosquito.

Some common domestic mosquitoes can carry *wuchereria bancrofti*, although Charleston, S. C., is the only place in the United States where filariasis ever took hold. This was in 1915, after large numbers of Negroes had been imported from the tropics, and a sample of 400 Charlestonians showed 19.25 per cent infested. But the worms do not thrive where mosquitoes lie low part of the year, and Charleston, which aided their rout by mosquito control, has long considered itself free of the disease. Says the *Journal of the American Medical Association*: "If under the more or less ideal conditions . . . this disease died out in Charleston, it does not seem likely that it will spread in the Northern areas. . . ."

Experts think that more than ten microfilariae will kill a mosquito. At any rate, one mosquito carries so few worms that the effect on a victim is negligible. And a man's own body defenses are sure to kill some worms. Therefore, it takes a lot of mosquitoes to transmit a serious infestation.

Inside the mosquito, within the first six hours, the infant worms shed the sheaths in which they are encased and wriggle into the insect's thoracic muscles. There they grow and moult for a couple of weeks before moving to his stomach to await their chances at human prey.

When the mosquito next bites, the microfilariae, attracted perhaps by a man's body heat, shinny into his skin. From there they go to the lymph channels, the vein-like network through which lymph travels to veins and heart. At last they settle in lymph-making nodes or glands in armpits, crotch, breasts, or joints. There the worms really begin to grow: females become as thick as a thread, growing to three inches in length; males are about half as long. This process usually stretches over a year or so, during which time a victim has no symptoms, but in some recent cases among our Marines this same process has taken only a month.

If the mature worms are plentiful and lucky, they mate, whereupon the fecund females begin to bear thousands of live microfilariae. The victim not only gets sick, but at this stage actually becomes dangerous to others — including mosquitoes.

III

Most of the American cases became infested when troops first arrived (in Samoa, for instance), and had to be temporarily quartered in native villages. An expert figures that if only one Samoan mosquito in 10,000 is a carrier, every single native will at some time or other catch the disease.

Actually, wormy mosquitoes are rarely found more than seventy-five yards from native dwellings. Around Samoan villages they pursued the unprotected troops unmercifully. Though a few men got sick a month after their first bites, most had no symptoms for at least three and one-half months. Since then, the troops have moved to their own camps with good mosquito protection, and the attack rate has gone down.

The doctors consider the men who still choose to visit the villages to see friends and light-o'-loves very foolish. The longer a man stays in a village, the larger becomes his supply of worms, and the more likely he is to be in for trouble. And filariasis provides three kinds of troubles which may occur separately or together. None is pleasant.

Mumu is a native name for what happens when the worms first grow to full size. It is this stage of filariasis which commonly afflicts our troops. The victim notices painful swellings of small glands (e.g., the ones in the crotch or inside the elbow joint). They grow hard as nuts and very tender. Red streaks on the skin trace the

lymph channels radiating from these glands. Owing to an allergic reaction, other tissues not invaded by worms are also likely to swell. Common spots for this "sympathetic" swelling are the spermatic cord — it may get as large as a varicose vein — and the scrotum. The patient feels blue, gets feverish (100° F.), complains of blurry vision and feels worse if he exercises. He may be temporarily sterile and impotent.

Ordinarily, the fever goes down in a day and the swellings subside soon after. Attacks come on again and again; they may be brought on by exercise. But if a man moves from the infested area, they usually grow less severe and finally stop altogether. The Marine who still has mumu after ten months in the United States is unusual. Half the Army cases of last summer are now back on duty. If a man stays in the filariasis country, however, he may be sick a good deal of the time. A doctor who lives in Puerto Rico reports that he is incapacitated forty-eight days a year, with attacks occurring regularly.

Until last year, when the Navy's Captain J. G. Dickson found adult filariae in excised lymphatic cords and nodes of six out of seventeen Marine and Navy patients, no one was sure that mumu was a stage of filariasis. The natives had never known just what it was. (More work is being done on this point now, though everyone concerned is practically convinced.)

Filaremia is the stage of the disease which occurs when microfilariae are found in the blood. Dr. Harold Wil-

liam Brown of Columbia University's DeLamar Institute of Public Health estimates that one of his cases, a Virgin Islander, had eleven miles of worms in his system, occupying forty-eight cubic inches of space. So far, there has been no record of any U. S. serviceman's getting it. Finding a microfilaria in a soldier's blood is an event. A man with filaremia may have a high fever — which acts like malaria — or he may have no symptoms at all. The strangest thing about these microfilariae is their periodicity — in most parts of the world they are absent from the blood, except from about 9 P.M. to 2 A.M.; apparently they hide out in internal organs the rest of the time. In the South Sea Islands, however, they are up at all hours. The most likely explanation is that the worms adapt themselves to the working hours of local mosquito vectors. For in the South Sea Islands, as nowhere else, they travel by both day- and night-biting mosquitoes.

Elephantiasis (or Barbados leg), is the most-dreaded form of filariasis, but even elephantiasis is almost never deadly. It is merely incapacitating, depressing and incurable. (Sometimes surgery helps a little.) As elephantiasis develops slowly, only 5 to 10 per cent of infested people get it and nearly all the victims are adults in the twenties or older. The swellings result when live, dead or calcified worms block lymph channels, either mechanically or by causing a reaction which makes channel walls thicken and close in. Often the channels are

obliterated entirely. When the lymph cannot travel through, it backs up and the whole area from that point outward (away from the heart) grows gradually larger. A stoppage in the shoulder enlarges an arm; a stoppage in the groin enlarges the genitalia or a leg. The genitalia are involved more often than any other area. Besides swelling from the collection of lymph, the flesh itself thickens; the skin grows leathery, taut and rough with deep fissures like those in elephant hide. It may even crack and form slow-healing ulcers.

Doctors in the West Indies notice that elephantiasis rarely occurs unless there is an abscess at some strategic point, infected by beta hemolytic streptococcus. There is evidence that streptococci are also involved in some Pacific-area mumu and elephantiasis. But, perhaps because their resistance is higher than that of the natives, American mumu sufferers do not seem to be attacked by these bacteria.

IV

Though articles on filariasis are now common in each month's grist of medical journals, no doctor has yet said that our troops should fear elephantiasis or worry much about mumu. Filariasis does not often kill, and almost never kills directly. But victims may die from abdominal filariasis or septicemia resulting from abscesses or attendant abnormal kidney and bladder function.

Doctors soon found that it was

most difficult to convince American mumu sufferers that they are not headed for deformity. The men always know of a fellow whose attacks flared up after reaching home. Or they know someone whose testicles are getting alarmingly large. The doctors have had to go in for group lectures and private interviews to restore the men's confidence. So it has been suggested that mumu depression could be prevented by telling all the troops headed for filariasis lands what to expect.

The lectures and interviews stress mumu's temporary nature and tell how, if the victim is young and healthy, a worm that dies may be replaced by healthy, normal tissue and leave no trace of the disease. (Microscopic slides prove this.) The patients are told not to be alarmed about sterility and impotence and, above all, not to go around experimenting to find out whether they are potent — their fears alone may render them impotent, thus starting a vicious circle of despair with which the worms have little to do.

In *Yankee Doctor in Paradise*, Dr. Sylvester M. Lambert, who used to tour the islands for the Rockefeller Foundation, tells a story which should reassure these men. For it shows that even elephantiasis of the scrotum need not be the end of hope. It seems that in the Ellice Islands, it is customary for old men to marry young girls and many a man with the deformity used to demand an operation to restore domestic tranquillity. "At Funafuti,

one applicant gave his age as ninety. The patient looked a trifle passé, but [his doctor] did a clean job. . . . On a return voyage, [the doctor] saw the old boy coming back on the boat to Funafuti. The ancient confessed that he was on the way to jail. Why? Well, when he got off the boat for home, he felt so vigorous that he had attacked the first woman he saw."

If there were only some good anti-filariasis drug, men might learn to regard the disease as no worse than a bad cold. But until recently, all attempts at combatting filariasis were disappointing. After twenty years of trying arsenicals, sulfa drugs, foudadin (a drug useful against certain other parasites) and many others, doctors reluctantly concluded that the only way to kill the worms was to behead them, one by one.

X-rays have been used to make swellings go down; tryparsamide is sometimes useful against the urinary symptoms, and gentian violet pills may reduce the number of microfilariae in the blood. Recommendations of these treatments have been half-hearted. But since the war has changed filariasis from an it-can't-happen-here curiosity to an important military problem, research on drugs has been resumed. Three hopeful candidates sponsored by Columbia University research workers have been found, all

antimony compounds (though antimony was once discarded as an antifilarial).

Professor James T. Culbertson and Dr. Harry M. Rose of the College of Physicians and Surgeons found last year that stibamine glucoside (or "neostam") cures filariasis in cotton rats. (This drug has been used against kala-azar, another tropical disease.) They recently announced that "neostibosan," a proprietary antimony compound, had apparently cured some of their Puerto Rican filariasis patients.

At the DeLamar Institute of Public Health, Dr. Brown (whose patient had the eleven miles of microfilariae) is enthusiastic about anthiomaline. He has given daily injections of it to some of his heavily infested Virgin Islanders. It attacks *microfilariae*. In some cases, the number of them in the blood dropped from millions to zero per cubic centimeter. Dr. Brown has evidence that his drug acts on mature worms as well. He believes further experiments may show that an anthiomaline injection every few months can prevent filariasis entirely.

If he is right, the soldiers and sailors and Marines with mumu might quit sending pathetic letters home; the local mosquitoes would stop getting sore chests from biting people, and all the Islanders would become as good-looking as the islands they inhabit.



THE ENGLISH CHARACTER

By J. FRANK DOBIE

I HAVE recently returned to America after a year at Cambridge University, where it was my business to purvey American history, along with something of American civilization, to British undergraduates. I lived in college, ran around a good deal and wrote a book out of what seeped into me. This backward glance at the source of the seepings convinces me that most exposition should be accompanied by a codicil explaining the conditions under which it was composed. What glasses are not colored?

The atmosphere in which I write now is as remote from the air of intellectual freedom enveloping Cambridge as was the atmosphere over "the wild New England shore" when the Pilgrims moored their bark upon it. I write from a plot of ground, delightful in itself, against the campus of the University of Texas. Here on this campus believers in the right as well as the duty to think are combatting a gang of Fascist-minded regents—oil millionaires, corporation lawyers, lobbyists and medical politicians—who, in anachronistic rage against liberal

thought, malign all liberals as "Communists," try with physical power to wall out ideas, and resort to chicanery as sickening as it is cheap. My mind is paralyzed by this manifestation of "the American way of life."

Sailing west from the British Isles, I cabined with an English civilian who told me this about himself: "I am sixty-one years old. I was born and reared in Pennsylvania. My parents were German, with a touch of Irish. I grew up in an atmosphere hostile to the English. In 1914, at the age of thirty-one, I went to England, spent a night in London at the old Morley Hotel on Trafalgar Square, and when I woke up in the morning realized that for the first time in my life I was at home. I have lived in England, never far from London, ever since."

The impact of England was gradual upon my own consciousness. I have known, in broken spells, harmony with my own environments the greater part of my life. I have known it best when I was doing the kind of work I wanted to do in the way I wanted to

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do it; I have known it with individual human beings; I have known it with nature. Before I went to England I had never known any consistent harmony with American civilization as it is realized in cities, expressed in newspapers and blared out over the radio. I have never felt harmony with that civilization as it tries to flower, but generally fails, in American universities. Now, however, that the humanities are cutting loose from the German Ph.D. straitjacket, they may enjoy some freedom. To find harmony, I have had to flee the stridencies — not the strenuousness — the insincerities and blatancies of much that passes for Americanism. The ways of life with which I have been in harmony in my own country have not been typical of the vaunted “American way.”

Many times I have thought that the greatest happiness possible to a man — probably not to a woman — is to become civilized, to know the pageant of the past, to love the beautiful, to have just ideas of values and proportions, and then, retaining his animal spirits and appetites, to live in a wilderness of good grass, timber, water and wild life, with a few barbarians to afford picturesqueness and human relations. The young Englishman, Frederick Ruxton, camping in the Rocky Mountains a hundred years ago with his pack mules, his Pancho horse and a lobo wolf, now and then seeing trappers and Taos Mexicans, while guarding his scalp from Indians, satisfies this ideal. According to it, civilization is necessary to give a man

perspective, but is otherwise either a mere substitute for primitiveness or a background to flee from. Such an ideal was never practicable except to a few individuals who, in retreating from society, substituted camp fire for ivory tower. In this shrinking world, it becomes less and less practicable. It precludes the idea of a civilized democracy.

Some thoughtful Englishmen fear lest civilization, accepting the popular American conception of civilization, will destroy their culture. By culture here I mean not only traditions but traditional outlook derived from the cultivation of mind, body and spirit. American culture is derived largely from frontier life, from space. Population, wealth, mechanical comforts and luxuries and urban living have already largely destroyed that frontier culture. Among tens of millions of Americans, civilization has come to mean the diffusion of manufactured contrivances. The disciplines that created old civilizations have certainly been in retreat against the advance of machine civilization. Machine civilization has not yet had time to demonstrate whether it can create a culture that gives graciousness, charm, depth and tolerance to human life.

II

In England I was, for the first time in my life, really confined to civilization — in the old sense of the word. Barring some inconveniences, I liked it.

If at times I grew hungry for spaces, I readily found that cultivated nature gave me freedom and joy. Life in an old English college is subject to certain formulas. Yet that life came to me to seem freer of rigidities than much American life, either in or out of a college. This sense of at-easeness, of freedom, is hard for me to explain. Perhaps it depends on the presence of a tolerance made modest by centuries of custom.

Under bombs both piloted and pilotless I have felt more serene than I can feel under the everlasting bombing by American avarice wanting to sell me not only goods but a dependence upon goods, and calling its business "service"; seeking to hinder the spread of truth and the play of ideas, and calling its conduct "free enterprise." It is no wonder that young Americans, especially young soldiers, have become as distrustful of the motives behind truth as they are of the motives behind axe-grinders. Little in their training, either pre-military or military, has conduced to the process of clear thinking. Their "opiate" has been not the religion of a church but that of the National Association of Manufacturers.

"The trail is counter, you false Danish dogs," who restrict your fear of regimentation to government bureaux. We Americans have a promoted mass movement for loving our mothers — promoted by the sellers of gifts; another mass promotion for appreciation of dads and yet another for remembering the dead. We have proc-

lamations for clean-up week, for garden-planting week, for go-to-church week, for cutting-ragweeds week, for careful-driving week. Not alone our physical acts but our ethics and our very emotions are to be channeled, standardized, mass-formulated.

England, even among its crowded millions receiving war as well as making it, renewed in me a feeling for the individual. I go to a football game at home, and while I hear and look at the organized cheering, I remember the casualness with which a crowd in the bleachers viewed a game of rugby between Oxford and Cambridge teams. Each of the loosely massed spectators seemed to feel as easy with himself as if he were fishing alone on a sunlit river bank. The crowd applauded good plays on either side — without orders from any cheer leader.

One early morning I was in a Red Cross Club at a bomber base in East Anglia where I had talked the night before. The only people in it were the Red Cross woman, three or four servants scrubbing the floors and washing dishes, and a big, good-natured sergeant from Oregon. Presently he said, "Before the thundering herd comes in, I'm going to practice at the piano." He spoke of how it would be possible to keep the British Broadcasting Corporation radio on all day without being driven mad by the advertisements and the "murder of silence" palmed off as music. He said that a good many soldiers have come to prefer British news broadcasts because they are generally direct and

"do not seem to be trying to sell the news as well as something that the sponsor of the broadcast has to sell." He wondered whether the American people really want to be constantly "sold" on something. He said that he could make a clock strike twelve times every hour, but that noon would still come only once a day and midnight only once between sunset and dawn, yet the radio people often try to make the clock strike twelve even on the quarter-hours.

He might have added that if he listened to the BBC clear around the clock he would be unable to hear a syllable from some brass-lined, steel-headed, metal-voiced, hollow tile-hearted, data-manufacturing, conclusion-prefabricated commentator. In the name of free speech and free enterprise, Americans will stand more propaganda than any other people outside of Russia and Germany. A great many of them have sense enough to be impervious to it. It is probably good taste as much as good sense that saves the British public from getting such sterile and fertility-choking lava.

III

"He valued 'suffrages' at a most low figure," Carlyle said of his boyhood schoolmaster, a Scot. Few Englishmen have the "you-be-damned sort of attitude" of one of Kipling's characters, but their national motto certainly is not "We Aim to Please."

"The Irish and the Welsh are difficult people for the English and the

Scotch to know or to understand," says Margot Asquith in her wise little book, *Off the Record*. "Their desire to please — though a lovable desire — does not commend itself to candid and simple people. You either please or you do not please; in any case, it is not of paramount importance."

It is of paramount importance that a person be candid, be what he is. Contrasting the two countries, Henry Steele Commager said that political democracy is farther advanced in England and social democracy in America. In agreeing, I would add that the working of social democracy in America has made an enormous number of Americans expend an enormous amount of energy and endure an enormous amount of uneasiness within themselves, subjecting themselves to constant financial strain, in order to keep up with the Joneses. More than once I have heard an American sergeant apologizing for not being an officer. I remember in particular a gunner whose contribution to the conversation at an English dinner was explaining how at his bomber base he did not have to salute officers. You would have to go a long way to find an English or a Scotch non-commissioned officer apologizing for his rank. In the realm of naturalness a solid red cow does not apologize for not having a white face.

The English belong in the realm of naturalness. I doubt if between the sexes one-tenth as much effort is exerted by one sex to impress the other as in America. America has never

coined an Americanism more expressive of the country's modern spirit than the special use of "sell" in such phrases as "sell himself," "sold on the idea," etc.

The average Englishman would shrink from the idea of selling himself; on the other hand, because you do not want to buy the article, he will not discount it a penny.

"The way to get along with the British," a much-traveled friend counseled as I was leaving for England, "is to tell them to go to hell." I found no occasion for that procedure. The way to get along with the British is their own way of getting along with each other: be yourself. The "go-to-hell" attitude is a holdover from the age that prompted James Russell Lowell to write his celebrated (1869) *On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners*. "It will," he said, "take England a great while to get over her airs of patronage toward us, or even passably to conceal them."

I doubt if any people can conceal "airs of patronage." An English attempt, on a national scale, to practice deception would be as ridiculous as Malvolio's assumption of the courtier's smile and cross-gartered yellow stockings. The fact is that the English in general have got over their patronizing ways. In *The American Language*, Mr. H. L. Mencken amasses all the evidence of Colonial and succeeding times to show British contempt for and patronization of American diversions from the King's English. What George III's court said about the in-

dependence of the United States would represent current British respect for this mighty nation about as well as most of the Mencken evidence represents the modern British attitude.

In British eyes America is full-grown. The English do not relish domination by American economic power, but they have, in their realistic way, accepted the fact. They prefer their own slang to American slang; yet they constantly adopt vigorous, picturesque American expressions. They consider that they have a right to pronounce their own language in their own way. No newspaper, magazine or individual in their realm has become distinguished for being anti-American. They are in a position of having to play second fiddle to America in many ways, but, considering anti-British feeling and talk among Americans, their tolerance and dignity are astounding.

IV

The leaders of a country may or may not be typical; when they are ample, they are representative. Lincoln was vastly representative, compassing in himself many types and individuals. Harding was merely typical. The English have a way of electing to their government men more representative than typical. Individuals often drop out of the so-called "governing class"; individuals enter it from other classes. The "class" maintains itself only by virtue of the fact that the people composing it are trained in the science of

government, are competent, and are responsible. One would have to read far into Hansard's full reports of Parliamentary debates to find an example of moronic puerility exemplified in the *Congressional Record* almost daily. The English educational system is not equalitarian in the manner of the American system; it does not recognize every boy as a possible prime minister; yet it certainly does train leaders.

The *Evening News* recently printed a protest against a move on the part of London cabmen to elect one of their number to Parliament to represent cabby interests. A Member of the House of Commons, the protester pointed out, should be larger than a "delegate sent by a sectional interest to plug that interest." In America we are used to two kinds of lobbyists; one paid by special interests to work on Congress and legislatures from the outside, and one elected, by the same interests, to work inside.

Such legislators, however useful in performing limited governmental functions, could never advance the civilization of a country and contribute to its culture. The tradition of English statesmanship is the tradition of advancers of civilization and of contributors to culture. The amplitude of Churchill's nature, the prodigality of his wit and the compass of his imagination are hardly realized in his paintings or in his now forgotten fiction, but they are suggested. Disraeli's epigrams may keep his name alive longer than his career as Prime Minister. Macaulay's work as historian and

man of letters has already, it appears, overshadowed his useful Parliamentary career.

It was Burke's great mind operating in conversation, not in his sublime eloquence, that "called forth" all of Doctor Johnson's powers. The many-sidedness of Thomas Jefferson sets him increasingly apart from traditional American statesmen. Theodore Roosevelt has been the only President who might have written a book like Viscount Grey of Fallodon's *The Charm of Birds* — the kind of book one expects from the ranks of English statesmen.

V

Emerson observed in Walter Savage Landor "a wonderful brain, despotic, violent and inexhaustible, meant for a soldier, by what chance converted to letters, yet with an English appetite for action and heroes." Byron was, in effect, a warrior; Shakespeare managed a theatre. Field Marshal Wavell brings out with commentaries of pith an anthology of memorized poetry entitled *Other Men's Flowers*. Lawrence of Arabia translated action into spirit-riven prose. In or out of government, this mixture of the elements in Englishmen is constant. Whether it is owing to something racial, to long-absorbed Greek ideal of balance, to both, or to other elements, I do not know. I know that it both reflects and engenders richness of life. It is civilized.

It is the very antipodes of the Amer-

ican doctrine that business men should run the government, also education, and that a poet like Archibald MacLeish is to be distrusted even in a minor government post. William Randolph Hearst buys art in wholesale lots, but somehow he has never melted the beautiful and the free into his own soul. The people running the British government have for centuries stood steadfast on the idea that government should secure capital; they have not been capitalists themselves, though many of them have been men of capital. They have never made the mistake of confusing humanism with unfitness for active life, or liberalism with anarchy.

John Locke, who died two hundred and forty years ago, perhaps best formulated the idea that it is the function of government to secure property. He had an immense influence on Jefferson, but when Jefferson nominated the inalienable rights of man to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," he clearly and emphatically omitted property.

In the Warren G. Harding prayer for "more business in government" flowered Jacksonian democracy's denial of the Jefferson idea of a civilization fostering liberal thought and humanism. The stark passion for stark business in charge of government will have nothing to do with the thinking and imagining class. The business man's government instead of adding sweetness and warmth and grace to national life, making it more fluid, has added little more than barrenness and

constricted it. This, even while democratizing material prosperity and manufactured goods.

VI

Charles Darwin published *The Origin of Species* in 1859. Before that, civilized man could look — historically — for perfection only in the receding past. There had been a paradise on earth — though the earth was very sparsely populated at the time of the Garden of Eden. Profane historians conspired with Biblical to place the ideal life far back, beyond recall.

Then none was for a party;
 Then all were for the State;
 Then the great man helped the poor,
 And the poor man loved the great;
 Then lands were fairly portioned;
 Then spoils were fairly sold;
 The Romans were like brothers
 In the brave days of old.

The theory of evolution implied, in Darwin's own words, a belief that "man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is . . . after long-continued slow progress." At first, common men regarded this theory, if they regarded it at all, with hostility, because it apparently contradicted something in their religion. Even after the theory became commonly accepted, it was accepted merely as theory only remotely connected with man's daily life on earth. At last, however, the import of evolution is coming home. By taking thought, by employing science in its widest meaning, man can add more than one cubit unto his stature.

Few Englishmen, rich or poor, expect to go back to normalcy. Normalcy was ugly, like the word. Normal life ahead comprises something beyond what electrical fixtures can supply. The economy of the nation did not just happen. Man brought it about. Man can manage to benefit from it

in a more democratic way. Yet management does not imply a Russian break with the long continuity of English tradition. The English people are coming to believe that they will be able to renew their own world. They are comprehending the meaning of evolution.



Churchill's Seven Tests of Freedom —

1. Is there the right to free expression of opinion and of opposition and criticism of the government?
2. Have the people the right to turn out a government of which they disapprove, are constitutional means provided by which they can make their will apparent?
3. Are their courts of justice free from violence by the Executive and free of all threats of mob violence and all association with any particular political parties?
4. Will these courts administer open and well-established laws which are associated in the human mind with the broad principles of decency and justice?
5. Will there be fair play for poor as well as rich, for private persons as well as government officials?
6. Will the rights of the individual, subject to his duties to the state, be maintained and asserted and exalted?
7. Is the ordinary peasant or workman . . . free from the fear that some grim police organization under the control of a single party . . . will tap him on the shoulder and pack him off without fair and open trial to bondage or ill-treatment?

— *Speech in Rome, August 29, 1944*

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

Rattlesnakes: Fancies and Facts

A FEW weeks from now, when in the northern part of the country buds will be swelling, migrant birds returning, and the hibernating mammals stirring from their winter sleep, an explorer of the sun-warmed rocky ledges on southern slopes may hear a subtle sound of rasping and slithering . . . a dry little sound that transports a man back several millenniums and is likely to give him the ancient sensation called a rising of his hackles. Let the source of the sound be investigated, and a new and still more alarming sound is heard: a low, dull buzzing, like the distorted drone of a locust. Should the investigator still be so hardy as to press his search, he may presently discern — mottled against the mottled rocks — the slowly gliding body of a snake, thick, broad-headed, sluggish with the lingering remnant cold of winter. The rattlesnakes will have come forth from their hibernation in the caves and interstices of the rocks. Cold, creeping, unwinking, *Crotalus horridus* will have come abroad again. In the pale spring sunlight the rattlers crawl from their dens and bask, testing the air with flickering tongues, buzzing their horn-buttoned tails, lying — cold flesh

against cold flesh — in reptilian sexual embrace.

The seasonal recurrence of rattlesnakes means the recurrence of a larger body of misinformation and misunderstanding than perhaps attaches to any other creature of our outdoors. It does not appeal to most of us to make a personal investigation to check on this or that assertion about these “loathly crawly creeples.”

We take our information from wherever it may come . . . from a dimly remembered textbook, from something the nursemaid told us in childhood, from the “actual experience” of great-uncle or great-grandfather which has been passed by word of mouth, with multiplying alterations, throughout the family. Some of our persisting misunderstandings about rattlesnakes perhaps do not matter very much, but some of them, at least, are of practical consequence; and in any case we must have presumptive preference for truth over error.

It seems worthwhile, in anticipation of the coming seasonal re-emergence of the rattlers, to set down a few of the most prevalent of our misunderstandings — attaching the pertinent facts to rectify the existent fancies.

II

That the bite of a rattlesnake is usually fatal. No bite by any venomous serpent is to be dismissed as trivial, and it is true that some large rattlesnakes fatally injure their human victims; but a normal adult, in good health, has at least a strong chance of surviving a rattlesnake-bite even without any medical attention. Of all victims of venomous snakebite — including children, and including all who receive no medical aid — something like 30 per cent recover. It needs to be remembered that “rattlesnake” is a spacious term, embracing many variant forms. The bite of a huge *Crotalus cinereus*, the Texas diamond-back, is a major catastrophe; but the bite of the ground rattlers and pigmy rattlers, or of the swamp rattler (the Massasauga), is unlikely to be serious. There is good practical reason for bearing this in mind. Panic, in a snakebite victim, speeds the heart and thus the circulation of the venom. There are authentic records of men who have died of being bitten by “rattlesnakes” which afterward turned out to be serpents of some harmless species. The victims died of terror and shock.

That a rattlesnake always gives warning before striking. The purpose of the rattlesnake’s rattles — their evolutionary significance — is a much debated and unresolved question among scientists. It has been guessed that rattlesnakes evolved on the western prairies, and used the rattle to warn off bison; there is a theory that the rattle

is whirled to startle small prey into an instant’s immobility, so that the rattler may strike at a stationary target; there is the possibility that the rattle evolved simply because the shape of a rattler’s tail-tip results in the adherence of a few fragments of old tissue each time the skin is shed. Whatever the rattle’s origin and significance, the rattlesnake does *not* always rattle before striking. The snake is apt to sound its sinister whirr when it is actually gliding away in flight, or it may lunge and strike without sounding the whirr at all.

That the rattler’s striking position is a circular coil with the head at the top. This rattler pose was popularized in the illustrations of antique zoologies, and has been perpetuated in depictions on seals and emblems; but no striking rattlesnake ever assumes it. From such a position, a rattler could plunge its head forward only a few inches. When prepared for action, a rattlesnake loops the fore-part of its thick body in a taut “S,” the head drawn back and poised to lunge.

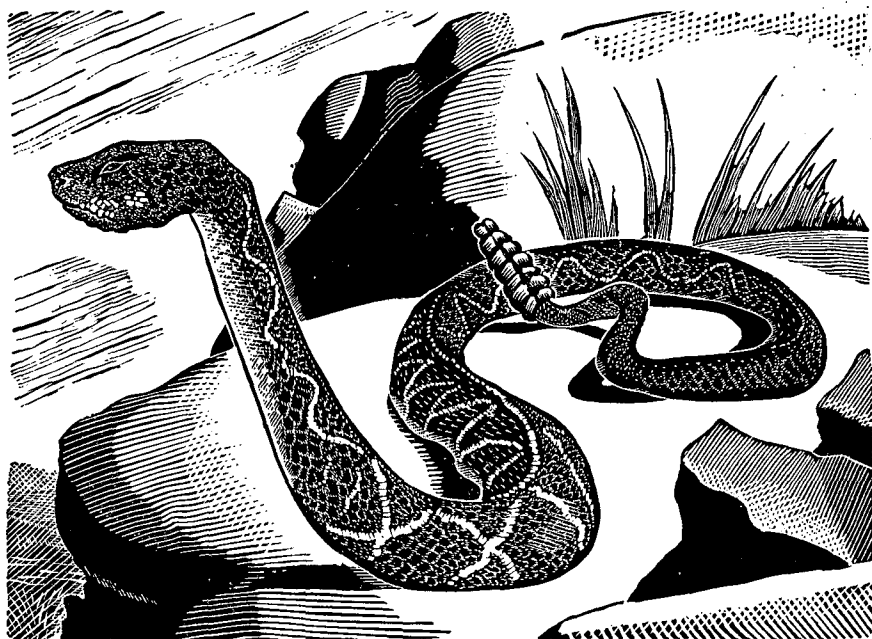
That the rattler cannot, or at least does not, bite unless it is able to coil and strike. This comfortable but baseless fancy can cost a man his life. When startled and defensive, a rattler naturally attempts to draw itself into the best position for a strike. But rattlers can and do bite when in any position, and are capable of supple twists and side-darts in the accomplishment.

That a rattlesnake’s age in years is indicated by the number of its rattles. The number of rattles affords only a

very rough, and frequently altogether inaccurate, means of computing a rattler's age; and in any case the computation, for what it is worth, is better made on the basis not of one year per segment, but of a half-year per segment. But an infant rattler may be born with two rattles. As it grows, it may add three or even four a year. In adulthood, it may add hardly any. As final invalidation of this fancy, there is the fact that the buttons of the rattle may quite easily, in the snake's advancing years, be broken off.

That an infant rattler is harmless until it is old enough to have grown fangs. It is characteristic of many wild crea-

tures' special behaviors and equipments that they are present from birth. The newly hatched grouse crouches automatically at the scream of the hawk; the infant snail comes from its gleaming spherical egg in possession of the physical endowments and instincts it will need. And an hour-old rattlesnake can deliver a venomous bite. When it bursts from its membranous birth-envelope (for rattlers do not lay eggs, but are viviparous), it already possesses the two curving hollow fangs, folded back on movable bones against the roof of its small, cold mouth, and the strong-muscled connecting poison-sacs in its



Rattlesnake

Frank Utpatel

cheeks, which constitute its special terrible machinery.

That when a rattlesnake is killed, its mate seeks out the body and lies by it, waiting to inflict revenge. This legend attributes to snakes a kind of intelligence, and a kind of devotion, which they do not have. There are no family attachments, properly speaking, at the reptilian biological level. In any locality where a rattler is killed, there are likely to be others nearby; but that is the only substance in the tale.

That if a gun is trained on a rattler, the snake will keep its head in line with the sights. It would be helpful if this were true, but it is dangerously a myth. To shoot a rattler in the head is difficult; and to approach within close range, relying on this curious old fancy, is perilous. The story presumably got its start because a rattlesnake, confronted by any threatening object — whether a gun-muzzle or whatever — may bob and weave its head, maneuvering to be ready either for flight or for an advantageous strike.

That when bitten by a rattlesnake, the best remedy is copious consumption of whisky. Rattlesnake venom is a haemorrhagin which makes a complex and complete attack on heart, nerves, brain and circulatory system. Nothing is better calculated to increase and hasten the attack's virulence than a consumption of spirits. Those hardy old alcoholics who are often cited as having survived snakebite with exceptional ease are of course merely individuals who — as attested by their long survival of alcohol — possess an

usually robust constitutions. A rattler-victim may take a *very small* quantity of spirits, if it will help allay panic or faintness; but a large dose is always contra-indicated. In the absence of anti-venin, the only medically endorsed treatment consists of incision of the wound, suction, and the employment of a periodically loosened tourniquet.

That the rattlesnake is itself immune to rattlesnake venom. Few creatures are proof against the use of their own weapons by fellows of their kind; and the rattlesnake is not so proof. A skunk can be choked and blinded by the discharge of another skunk. A porcupine can be killed by the thrust of another porcupine's quills. (Male porcupines have been mortally wounded in the act of copulation.) A rattlesnake may die of the bite of another rattler.

That a killed rattlesnake does not die until sundown. Presumably this is not now believed except in the remotest backwoods. But the fancy deserves a place here for a curious reason: that a too contemptuous disbelief in it is dangerous. Though "sundown" is an arbitrary and inaccurate time-designation, it is true that a killed rattlesnake often does persist in post-mortem activeness — the result of reflex nervous action — long after the occurrence of death. It is an authentic fact, grislier than any legend, that even the severed head of a decapitated rattlesnake is potentially dangerous. Removed from the body, it still tries to bite.

That pigs are immune to rattlesnake

venom. Pigs have no immunity. They will, when running at large, often kill and eat rattlers. But their only protection against the venom is that they usually are so encased in deposits of fatty tissue that the injected poison reaches the bloodstream too gradually to be fatal. A thin hog will die as surely as any other rattler-victim.

That the rattlesnake is our eager enemy, lying in wait for us, quick to attack. A catalogue of rattler myths could not more suitably conclude than with this one. The world of outdoors has its dangers. But it is not a monster; it is not a nightmare. Rattlesnakes require that we exercise a certain vigilance, a certain attentiveness, a degree of understanding. But they have no active malevolence toward us. They are rarely angered by less than our carelessly treading on them. If

they can, they glide peaceably away at our coming. It is as much a delusion to think of them as a wilful enemy as to subscribe to the ancient notion that they eat huckleberries (no snake eats anything but animal products), or to persist in believing that a rattler will not cross a chalk-line or a rope laid on the ground, or to cherish the venerable fable that the prairie rattlesnake lives in prairie-dog burrows in a strangely felicitous companionship with the prairie-dog and the burrowing owl. The rattlesnake, like most wild things, goes amiably its designated way.

Its life, like other lives, is not without beauty and felicity. It has its appropriate pattern of being, terrible and lovely. We can lessen the terror, and better see the pattern of the queer, cold loveliness, by first clearing our minds of old misunderstandings.



EVENING

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

As the sun sets,
The secrets of day
Arise to greet the moon,
Wisest counsellor in the sky,
And to seek companionship
With the stars
Which bear God's
Most inaccessible thoughts.

INFANTS' DEATH BY SUFFOCATION

BY WILLIAM E. CRAFT

THIS is written in the hope that it may save a baby's life. Hundreds of babies die needlessly each year as a result of accidental suffocation — *smothering* — a tragic happening that is easily preventable, but is becoming increasingly and alarmingly frequent. In New York City alone, the annual deaths from accidental suffocation exceed those from measles, scarlet fever and diphtheria combined. Throughout the United States, a total of 1,581 children lost their lives in 1942 through smothering; about 85 per cent of these were babies less than one year old. The number of these preventable tragedies has steadily increased each year to the point where smothering now holds the ominous distinction of being the leading cause of accidental death in babies.

These regrettable facts have just been disclosed to the medical profession by Dr. Harold Abramson of New York City, who recently made a careful study of this vitally important but previously neglected situation. This study, first reported in the November 1944 issue of the *Journal of Pediatrics*,

was conducted under the auspices of the Special Committee of Infant Mortality, Medical Society of the County of New York. And it is the purpose of the present report to bring the findings of this investigation, including practical preventive measures, to the attention of the public — particularly to parents and expectant parents.

To obtain scientifically accurate information regarding the manner in which these tragic accidents occur, why they are becoming so frequent, what factors are directly responsible, and what might be done to eliminate them, Dr. Abramson thoroughly analyzed 139 specific cases of babies under one year of age who had been victims of accidental suffocation. From this analysis some revealing facts appeared.

Eighty-five per cent of the deaths occurred in babies less than six months old, with the preponderance (72 per cent) in babies two to five months old; babies from six months to one year comprised only 15 per cent of the total. There was also a significant difference according to sex. More than twice as many boy babies met death

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through smothering; the percentages being 69 per cent boys and 31 per cent girls. Most babies who suffocate do so during the winter months — not a surprising fact since more blankets and clothing are used during cold weather.

As is readily understandable, the exact hour of smothering could not be determined with complete accuracy. As nearly as could be established, there is a sharp rise in deaths between the hours of 3 A.M. and 9 A.M. The time relationship between this period and the 2 A.M. and 6 A.M. feedings is highly significant. At these early hours, mothers and nurses are likely to be sleepy, less alert and probably less careful about how the babies are replaced in their cribs and tucked in after feeding. Loose pillows, improperly applied blankets and mattress-coverings (linen sheets, pads and rubber sheeting), as well as displaced mattresses, are the most common smothering agents. Since mothers usually return to their own beds after the 2 A.M. and 6 A.M. feedings, leaving the baby unattended and unobserved for some time, it is evident that greater care is necessary at these times to avoid any displacement of the baby's bed clothes.

Another factor of great importance is the prevalent practice of placing babies in their cribs in the "face-down" or prone position after feeding. This is commonly done in the belief that the baby is more comfortable and falls asleep more easily in this position. It is also widely recommended to pre-

vent the flattening deformity of the skull which may result from continued rest in the usual recumbent posture. This nursing procedure is advisable from time to time during the daylight hours when the baby is under constant watch, but involves great risks when the baby is left unguarded for considerable periods. Sixty-eight per cent of the hapless victims were found "face-down," with their noses and mouths helplessly cut off from air by soft pillows, mattresses, or blankets!

By far the greatest number of babies found smothered in the prone position were less than five months old. At this age babies are unable to turn or roll over; head-lifting ability has usually not been sufficiently developed to overcome the suffocating weight of a pillow or blanket which may have worked up over the baby's head.

Shockingly, mothers themselves were the direct though innocent killers of their babies in a full 15 per cent of the cases studied. This tragic circumstance resulted from the deplorable practice of removing babies from their cribs to their mothers' beds for the 2 A.M. or 6 A.M. feedings. In virtually all these cases, the baby was smothered under the mother's breast or arm, after she had fallen asleep. Surely there can be nothing more heartbreaking for a young mother than to awaken and find that she has unwittingly taken the life of her most precious possession.

Though many of these deaths are briefly reported from time to time in

the daily press, this vital subject has never before been brought into the open with the dreadful impact of Dr. Abramson's conclusive study. This humane and fact-finding investigation fulfills a crying need — a need that has hitherto gone unnoticed by both medical periodicals and popular publications.

These pitiful tragedies, yearly claiming the lives of hundreds of helpless babies, are largely preventable if mothers and nurses exercise a little more than ordinary care and adhere strictly to the practical recommendations evolved from this investigation.

II

Babies should be clothed sufficiently to maintain their normal body temperature, but excessive bundling should be assiduously avoided. Free and unhampered movement should be possible at all times. Constrictions about the neck, such as are caused by the tapes of caps and bibs or by tight collars of dresses and outer garments, should be eliminated. Sleeping bags with mechanical closing devices that may catch directly beneath the baby's neck should be prohibited.

The baby's crib and carriage cannot be prepared too carefully. No baby should ever be permitted to sleep on a pillow, but always on a flat mattress. Rubber sheets and undersheets must be spread smoothly, and should be sufficiently large to allow tight tucking under the mattress. Quilted pads should be bound down or securely

pinned to prevent loosening. Over-sheets and blankets also must be large enough to permit firm tucking beneath the sides and lower edge of the mattress, but not so tight as to prevent the baby from moving freely. Unnecessary articles, such as decorative pillows, odd unattached blankets, strings or bars from which rattles or other toys are dangled, and any restraining straps that might slip up about the neck must be eliminated.

Careful and constant attention should be given the baby during and after feeding — times when not only smothering but also choking on regurgitated food may occur. No practice is to be more emphatically condemned than that of feeding babies in their mothers' beds, where the helpless baby may easily be smothered by the mother if she falls asleep. At every feeding, the baby should be held in the mother's or nurse's arm, with the attendant properly seated. The lazy but all too frequent practice of leaving an unattended baby in the crib or carriage with a bottle propped in its mouth is obviously dangerous. After feeding, the baby should be held up for sufficient time to permit escape of the "air-bubble," and then placed down gently on his *back*, with head temporarily elevated.

These are the facts. Simple, to be sure, but too often neglected. If every parent who reads this will carry out just these few simple recommendations, hundreds of babies' lives will be saved — especially during the most critical early months of infancy.

OUR OWN GODS ARE ALWAYS COMIC

By JULIAN LEE RAYFORD

THE trouble with Paul Bunyan is that nobody wants to respect him for what he is. People harbor a perpetual desire to start laughing as soon as his name is brought up. For the greater portion of the American people think Paul Bunyan is a great big overgrown buffoon. Well, he was no comedian, not by a damn sight!

A great many people think that Paul Bunyan used to sit around exaggerating the facts of everyday life in an unending series of wind-blown stories and tall tales. Well, Paul was not a story teller. Paul was not a talker. He did the things his men talked about in their yarns, but he did not tell stories. That is one of the main things to remember about Paul. He never told stories. His men told the stories about him.

You say to the average person, "You know Paul Bunyan?" and generally, the immediate reply is, "Sure, he wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*."

Well, Paul Bunyan never was John Bunyan.

So, there, we've cleared up three things that Paul was not.

Then what was he?

He was a great deal more than he seems. He was a god.

Now, the trouble with that statement is that I get into difficulty as soon as I make it, for somebody always chimes in with, "There is only one God," etc. You see, in spite of all the publicity attending the American sense of humor, a lot of us haven't the humor necessary to admit the truth about Paul Bunyan. And we need a little more than humor, too, for it is high time we began seeking the profundity that lies within this chief figure of the greatest myth produced by the mind of the American people. I am not saying that Paul is Jehovah God Almighty; I am simply saying that Paul was a god.

In America, there are many gods—the god of machinery, the god of politics, of business, and Big Business, and among many more, there are the little gods of the movies. But no one ever admits it, of course, for with all our frivolous pursuits, the people of America never admit any god except the one in their churches. Yet, reference is made every day, in sermons, in editorials and in conversations to the

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old gods of the Romans, the Greeks, the Scandinavians, even the Egyptians. But of course, those fellows were pagan and . . . and this is one of the principal things that has kept us inferior to Europe so long.

Our painters, poets, sculptors and musicians and all our intellectuals in every field have been shuttling back and forth between Europe and the United States for two hundred years and more, admiring the things of Europe, the folklore and the mythology of Europe, and all the time telling us that there was nothing like it in this country. Sure, it's all different, now, for we are told that we are witnessing, at last, the birth of an American art. At least we hope we are.

But for years, we have had Bullfinch's *Mythology* and Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelungs* and the *Quest of the Grail*. Those things had dignity and profundity, and we received them in that spirit. But in the United States to this day, some people think that all American folk song and folk story are hillbilly with a raucous laugh. Only recently, a man asked me if *Pistol Packin' Mamma* was not one of our most typical folk songs. It is this loud laugh that must be removed from our reception of American mythology. It is time we looked at it with insight and profundity.

Maybe, after all, it is just as well that the American people will not admit that Paul Bunyan is as much a god as old Thor and Zeus and Apollo and Baldur and Heimdall and Loki

and Hermes and Ares. Still, we have come pretty close to it. For in the catalogue of American folk heroes, we find them under the title "Comic Divinities," or "Heroic Demigods." The American folklorist is at liberty to call European mythological figures by their right names, but those that are native to this country he must call "comic." Isn't it about time we ceased being comic and looked to our own dignity?

Paul Bunyan was not comic. I know the stories about him, and I know how people get a big laugh out of them every time they are told, but, remember, the comedy lies in the telling of the story, not in Paul Bunyan. I have looked at Paul Bunyan, now, for fifteen years. I have talked to people about him, I have read everything I could lay hands on. I don't know if you will agree with what I see in Paul Bunyan, but I have formed my own concept of him, and I feel that in it lies some of the truth concerning him.

II

First of all, Paul took the flat world into his hands and made it into a sphere so Columbus could sail around it and discover the New World.

Then, Paul invented America. He piled up the mountains; he dug all the rivers and lakes and creeks and bayous and bays and gulfs. He planted all the flowers, fruits, vegetables and grass. He made the trees grow. And he taught civilization to the people.

When his work was done, he went away to the North Pole and made his home there, but promised that when America needed him, he would come back and help us in our great hour of need. This promise makes him a part of the universal mythology of mankind.

Now, the story of his making the world into a sphere, as I learned it from Hugh Rigsby, goes this way. One day, Paul met up with a real Indian Chief named Kick-in-the-Shin, a Flatfoot Indian from the famous reservation over at Fallen Arches, Arizona. Paul decided to make the flat world round and he wrapped his arms around the world and the Chief braced his feet on the Moon and helped by pulling Paul's wrists together. And to this day, astronomers say those blue spots on the Moon are mountains and craters of extinct volcanoes, when as a matter of fact, those of us who have heard Hugh Rigsby's story know that they are simply the footprints of Chief Kick-in-the-Shin.

In another Hugh Rigsby story, I found that Paul had done other things to the world besides make it round. Paul put in the North Pole and the South Pole, attached the North Pole to the top of the universe and the South Pole to the bottom of the universe. He anchored the Earth that way, and the other planets went sailing round and round it. How those Poles were broken so that our planet was liberated to wander out through the universe, is told in the story that

follows. But first I'll tell you something about Hugh Rigsby.

Hugh was a big fellow, six-foot four, wide and strong, endowed with a vast capacity for humor and love of America. He had been a welder, a lumberjack, a cowpuncher and an oil-field worker. Once, he was a strong man with a circus. He offered \$25 to any man in the tent who could fight four rounds with him. He had always saved the circus twenty-five bucks by the end of the third round.

Hugh had picked up his stories about Paul Bunyan from workers in the forests and the oil fields. He called on me one day and said, "Here, you're a storyteller, take these stories and tell 'em. I'm giving 'em to you." Since then, I have told these stories to all kinds of people in all kinds of places — Chicago, New York, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Washington, New Orleans, Nashville, Mobile — through half the nation.

Do you know how Paul Bunyan's famous Blue Bull, Babe, kicked the world off into space? Well, one day Paul was standing down in Mexico, pretty close to Guatemala. He was daydreaming, when all of a sudden he got a brilliant idea. He'd punch holes in hotcakes and make 'em into doughnuts! Babe was standing there sound asleep beside Paul, and Paul was so happy over his idea that he reached over and slapped Babe on the rump. Scared hell out of Babe, and he jumped. He jumped so hard that he broke the world loose from its Pole Axes, and the world floated

out into space. Then Babe began to run, and he ran so hard that the world began to spin round and round, and we started revolving around the Sun. Up to that time, the Sun had floated around the Earth, else how could Joshua have made the Sun stand still in the Bible?

Well, Babe ran and he ran, with Paul right behind him. Babe hit Canada so fast that he ran up onto a glacier, slipped and sat down and slid sitting down all the way to Siberia.

III

Back in 1934, Henry Wallace, at that time Secretary of Agriculture, asked me to come to the home of a friend in Virginia and recite some of my own poems and tell a few Paul Bunyan stories. Four of us were present that night: Henry Wallace, Charlie Roos, who worked for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, myself, and a man whose name I do not recall. We sat out in the yard and I told them a group of Paul Bunyan stories. Charlie Roos said I should forget about Paul and devote my time to the heroes of history. Henry Wallace said, no, it was a good thing to deal with the epics of America.

Charlie said, "Henry, I know that Paul Bunyan was a fake. It can be proved. I can give you the name of a man in Minneapolis who will tell you that the whole Bunyan legend is a fake."

I said, "Give me the name, and I'll write and find out."

So Charlie gave me the man's name. I can't recall that name, either, but I do remember that he was the publisher of a paper. I wrote and received an answer. Yes sir, Paul was a fake. He was a legend invented by the Chamber of Commerce or the Boosters' Association of some town called Thread Needle or Split Basket, I forget which. Anyway, this man said that Paul was doubtless invented in the back room of some pool hall to induce tourists to come and see that part of the country.

I was not discouraged, for it makes no difference to me where Paul was conceived. The truth is, he is far and away the most magnificent, the most superbly typical and creative American ever known. There is in him an instinct of America; he has the most titanic reach of any figure ever created by the mind of the American people.

We know they are not Chamber of Commerce boosters' yarns, for James Stevens, author of two books on Paul Bunyan, says he first got the stories from Michael Quinn, lumberyard superintendent in Hoquiam, Washington, who had heard the stories from Len Day, a Minnesota lumberman who got them in Canada in the 1840's.

These attempts to prove that our myths are not so wonderful as we think they are, are not only futile, but they also tend to destroy something astonishingly precious that we need and will always need. There is bound to be something of the American people in the stories about Paul

Bunyan, for in him is all the imagination that has caused us to build the most gigantic things known to man.

Recently, *Fortune* Magazine published a feature on Paul Bunyan that I consider the most detestable attack ever made on an American hero. The article began by saying that the great folk heroes of Europe and Asia lived when dragons breathed fire, when wizards cast spells, before learning and facts and statistics “placed gentle curbs on the imagination.” Still, when Paul Bunyan was born, early travelers through the United States brought back stories that the rattlesnake was a dragon of enormous size that flew through the air and killed people with its breath.

The writer of the *Fortune* article says that Paul was born when people could read and write, that he was created in bunkhouses by grown men. Does he think that the amazing myths of Zeus and Thor were created by kindergarten children? He says that Paul was a dwarf compared to historical heroes — that he was not so practical as Elias Hasket Derby, a Salem merchant who sent ships “where no ships dared to go”; not so ingenious as Peter Cooper, who made innumerable inventions; not so stubborn as John Peter Altgeld, who wandered 100 miles looking for a job. He says Paul was not so audacious as Mad Anthony Wayne, who opened the way westward; not so courageous as John Paul Jones, who defied the whole British Navy; not so modest as Thomas Jefferson. The nature Paul knew

was not the nature of Henry David Thoreau, and he did not glimpse the spiritual essence of American life.

It is a foolish thing to compare a mythological figure to the men of history. Paul Bunyan is a reflection of all the heroes of America. He would never have been imagined had they not lived. But those same heroes might not be nearly so precious to us had Paul not been born in the minds of the old storytellers.

Paul was no dwarf — compared to anybody or anything of any people on earth. We cannot even say that he was the size of a Douglas fir, for who knows how big a mythological hero ever was? He changes his size with the scale of the task he is performing.

As for being practical and ingenious — remember the time Paul and his men were logging off the Onion River and the wild onions and the wild garlic made his men weep so that they couldn’t work? You know what Paul did? He made an arrangement by correspondence with the King of Italy. He shipped boatload after boatload of wild onions and wild garlic to Italy. And the Italians were ecstatic! They were so grateful that the King sent Paul the first shoots of the spaghetti and macaroni trees that Paul planted in the Great American Paradise.

So John Peter Altgeld was stubborn because he wandered 100 miles to find a job! Paul Bunyan set out walking one day on snowshoes, and one snowshoe got warped in the heat

going through the desert, and by the time he got to Seattle that night, he had been thrown off his course and wandered up the Pacific Coast through San Francisco.

Not so audacious as Mad Anthony Wayne? There was a fellow named Tangle Eye Ty (Ty was short for Titanic), who used to skulk around Paul's camps. He shot a revolver that had to be loaded on a hay frame and fired only crokay balls. Three times a day, always at mealtime, Ty attacked Paul's men with crokay balls until they fed him. If one of those balls hit a man on a slant when he was stooped over, the splinters would fill him with rosin poison which might kill him. Paul used to take a tree trunk and bat the balls back at Tangle Eye Ty, but Ty's gun shot 'em out in a barrage like a solid plank, and after a while, Paul generally collapsed from over-exertion. Then they'd load Paul on a flatcar and haul him home. Babe would pull the flatcar, for the locomotive never lived that could have budged Paul Bunyan. And Ty got another meal. . . .

As for being modest, I never heard that Paul ever said much about anything he ever did. Surely, no man ever boasted less over doing more. Here we have an instance, in the *Fortune* writer, of a person who thinks that Paul told the stories. *Paul did not talk; his men talked about him.*

It may be that Paul did not see the spiritual essence of American life, but since, in his labors, he did the most colossal, superhuman things ever

known, such as piling up the Rockies and the Alleghanies while he dug the Mississippi River with his watch fob, then surely he has instilled enough essence into the American people to be forgiven the lack of that quality in himself. And of course Paul Bunyan's nature was not the nature that Thoreau knew. Paul was never anchored to one spot. He was too busy arranging the whole face of the continent to turn philosopher beside one obscure pond.

In the statement about John Paul Jones, who *defied* the whole British Navy, the *Fortune* writer exhibits a singular ignorance of Paul Bunyan. For Paul did not *defy* the British Navy, he just up and *sank* the whole damn thing with his foot! It happened when Paul was just a little baby in the cradle. He rocked the whole house as he rocked in his cradle, rocked the whole county, rocked the whole State of Maine. So his old man put Paul in a cradle on a raft out in the ocean. Here the baby held a whale by the tail with each hand, and rocked in such glee that he created tidal waves all along the Maine coast. The people appealed to the King of England, and the King sent Admiral John Bull over here with the British Navy to put a stop to it.

The Admiral sailed up to Paul with the entire Navy, and he said a lot of things you ought not say to a little baby, but Paul was asleep and remained pure. So the Admiral gave the order to fire away; and from every ship they shot gun shot, bb shot,

cannon shot, rifle shot, sling shot and every kind of shot ever heard of. The noise was so loud it awakened this tee-ninacy little baby. Paul got up and stepped overboard, and his foot splashed in the water and created a tidal wave in reverse that sank the whole British Navy. You know how the King got his Navy back? They took Paul's raft and built enough ships out of it to give England the biggest fleet in the world!

IV

Do you not see that it is silly to compare an epic hero of mythology to any figures of history? With the flick of a finger he defeats you at every turn. That is part of the divinity of Paul Bunyan.

But you know what Paul did that is the greatest thing ever done in America? He invented a Paradise, the Great American Paradise. Hugh Rigsby told me about it. It was a Paradise bigger and better than the one in the Bible. But Paul lost it and nobody knows how he came to lose it, and nobody ever has known where it is. A fellow in England by the name of Milton heard about Paul's losing it, and he wrote *Paradise Lost*. Then his wife died and he wrote *Paradise Regained*.

Hugh said to me, "I never did understand how that fella Milton

could say he had seen a Paradise in England. Because England is small. It ain't big enough to hold a Paradise. Even Arkansas ain't big enough to hold a Paradise; and England ain't as big as Arkansas. So how could you get it into England in the first place? Anyway, this Great American Paradise was 100 per cent, boy, all the time! It was the Pore Man's Dream. . . . Paul sent all his good lumber-jacks to it. If you was a good worker, when you was retired, that's where Paul sent you with your whole family. But if you was lazy and never worked, when it come time to retire you, you was sent to the Farm.

"And on the Farm, you was worked the living hell out of you. Only time you ever seen yourself on the Farm was gittin' up goin' to bed or goin' to bed gittin' up, because Old John Wheatley was in charge of it, and he was so mean, he was the meanest man in America. That's a fact! He made Simon Legree look like Little Lord Fauntleroy.

"But that Paradise, boy! It had cigarette bushes and ice cream caves and hot soup springs and Christmas Dinner trees and Thanksgiving Dinner trees and Easter egg plants. And the best thing of all—it had an Anheuser-Busch that always gave cold beer from a spigot in the root. Boy, that Great American Paradise, it was 100 per cent all the time!"



THE LIBRARY

This is Soviet Russia

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

IN an unusual burst of confidence a high Soviet Foreign Office official once told me his impression of American newspapers and magazines. "There are illiterates in all countries," he said, "but they keep quiet. In America they are writing, and talking all the time."

There would have been some basis for this criticism if it had been limited to writing and speaking about Russia. Our intellectual showing on this subject has been pretty bad. I tried the experiment of counting and listing errors of fact about Russia, past and present, which appeared in print. I did not include questions of opinion and I excluded propaganda publications. By my own unaided effort, restricted to a short period of time and covering a rather narrow range of books, magazines and newspapers, I counted over thirty "howlers" on every conceivable aspect of Russian life, from Stalin's correct name to the figure of literacy in prewar Russia. A research bureau could easily turn up hundreds, or even thousands of such blunders, appearing in print all the time and being repeated over the air.

Now this is an unfortunate situation. There is room for wide difference

of opinion about the Soviet Union. But no one can brush it off as unimportant. Accurate, realistic knowledge of the character, aims and institutions of the Soviet régime is a prerequisite to any intelligent American foreign policy.

So it is fortunate that amid the flood of superficial impressionism and propaganda one finds a book so honest, so informed and so uninhibited as Dr. Dallin's.¹ The author is well-known to students of Russia through his earlier works on Soviet foreign policy, *Soviet Russia's Foreign Policy, 1939-1942* and *Russia and Europe*. His predictions in the latter book about the fundamental aims of Soviet foreign policy have been almost uncanny in their correctness. The book was published over a year ago; the predictions are verified in the newspaper headlines almost every day.

Obviously, Dr. Dallin is a man worth listening to when he takes up a wider subject: the politics and economics of the Soviet Union. Changes in Soviet life and customs have attracted widespread attention abroad.

¹ *The Real Soviet Russia*, by David J. Dallin. \$3.50. Yale.

The new emphasis on nationalism, the restoration of the Patriarchate, the new titles of honor and distinction, the end of easy divorce: all these developments have conveyed the impression that Russia is "settling down," that it no longer should be regarded as the headquarters of an international revolutionary movement.

Dallin takes issue with this interpretation of Russia's rôle. Recognizing that important changes have taken place, he emphasizes the fundamental importance of the things that have not changed: the totalitarian character of the régime and its all-out collectivism. The Revolution, in his judgment, is far from dead. The concentration of political and economic power in the hands of an omnipotent state is as great as ever. Many apparent shifts in Soviet practice represent not an abandonment of the revolutionary outlook, but tactical maneuvers dictated by immediate considerations of domestic and foreign policy.

Take, for example, the increased scope that has been granted to religious bodies, especially to the Orthodox Church. This is not, in Dr. Dallin's judgment, the result of a sudden conversion of Stalin to the Four Freedoms. It is largely motivated by Soviet desire to achieve political domination in the Balkans, where most of the people are Orthodox believers. As evidence of the highly official and somewhat synthetic character of Russia's religious revival the author notes that the first religious book which the Russian Church authorities were able

to publish since the Revolution was printed in the same shop that formerly published the crude atheistic magazine known as *Godless*. As he drily remarks:

Apparently the NKVD [Russian initials for the People's Commissariat of Internal Affairs, the latest name for the political police] division which had previously directed the anti-religious propaganda was now directing the pro-religious activity behind the scenes. No doubt the very same persons did both jobs.

The highly secular implications of the new Soviet tolerance for religion become still clearer as correspondents in the Near East report ostentatious demonstrations of Mohammedan faith on the part of Moslems attached to Soviet missions in such countries as Egypt and Palestine. Pan-Islamism, like Pan-Slavism, is grist for Stalin's political mill.

II

The author emphasizes a significant change in official Soviet thinking about the state which took place in the early thirties and was emphasized by the liquidation or disappearance of those who held the earlier Leninist view. Lenin justified what he called the dictatorship of the proletariat with the argument that this was a necessary transitional phase before a classless and completely free type of society could come into existence. In such a society there would be no need for a state, with all its apparatus of compulsion, police, officials, courts,

prisons, etc. The state would "wither away."

As late as 1929 a Communist authority on the state, Cheliapov, declared in the highly official *Soviet Encyclopedia*: "The state will disappear together with the disappearance of the division of society into classes." By 1935 classes had officially been liquidated in Russia. There were no more "Nepmen" (private traders) or "kulaks" (well-to-do peasants). But the *Soviet Encyclopedia* completely revised its teaching about the state. Its liquidation was postponed until some indefinite future when "the perfect Communist society" would have been established.

Stalin asserted in 1939 that "the function of compulsion inside the country has ceased, has withered away. The exploiters are no more and there is no one to suppress any more."

How then was it possible to explain the fact that the number of persons in prisons and forced labor camps in Russia far exceeded any comparable figures in any "capitalist" country? Stalin tried to answer this awkward difficulty by accusing the "capitalist world" of "sending us spies and diversionists."

The moral that might be drawn from this theory is not reassuring for those who anticipate relaxation of dictatorial controls in Russia after the end of the war. So long as capitalism remains in the outside world, dictatorship must remain in Russia. The ultimate logic of this proposition is that Soviet security implies world conquest.

So, while the character of Soviet expansionism has changed, the impulse to expansion remains. Instead of incitement to spontaneous revolution there is now a tendency to impose puppet régimes in neighboring states. As Dallin puts it: "The Communist state becomes in a measure the substitute for the Communist revolution: such is the pattern of Communist evolution."

The author analyzes at some length two of the most characteristic features of the Soviet order: the gigantic, swollen bureaucracy and the widespread employment of forced labor.

A striking example of this bureaucracy is the fact that there are no less than two million bookkeepers and statisticians in the Soviet Union, a figure certainly unmatched in any other country. As Dallin remarks: "Together with their families, they constitute a population equal to that of Texas or Sweden, and twice that of Ireland."

Compared with the normal prodigious waste of manpower in "paper work" in the Soviet Union the wildest excesses of our wartime bureaucracy seem pretty tame. The author shows by citations from a Soviet economic magazine, *Problems of Economy*, what this leads to in terms of productivity. There are two electrical stations generating about the same amount of power, one at South Amboy, New Jersey, the other at Kemerovo, in Siberia. There are fifty-one employees on the payroll of the American station, 480 in the Soviet station. A similar

comparison of two mines reveals eight office employees in the American, sixty-seven in the Soviet.

There is no reason for surprise if there is no unemployment under such a system. There is equally little cause for wonder if the standard of living is extremely low. Dallin points out that Soviet officials often recognize and deplore the excessive bureaucratization of their economic administration. But when it is decided to "do something about it" the result is usually the creation of a new bureau. As he says, "The underlying trouble is the insolubility of the basic problem — centralized organization and control by the state of all Russian business and of the country's economic and social life as a whole."

A peculiar feature of the Soviet economic order which has received singularly little attention in this country is the gigantic system of state peonage under which millions of men and women are deprived of liberty and compelled to work, in subhuman conditions and for bare subsistence, on railways, canals, new factories, in timber camps and other enterprises. The number of these unfortunate persons is not known; it is a subject on which the Soviet government does not publish statistics.

But Dallin is convinced that there are more such slaves in the Soviet Union than there were Negro slaves in the United States at the time of the Civil War. He cites the Polish Socialist, Victor Alter, who spent two years in Soviet prisons and concentration

camps and was finally executed, as authority for an estimate of "between eight and twelve million."

After putting together all the fragmentary evidence on the subject at his disposal, including eyewitness accounts of the use of forced labor from American visitors to Russia who are quite friendly in their general attitude toward the Soviet régime, Dallin reaches two interesting conclusions: the number of persons subject to forced labor "is certainly not less than the population of Australia (about seven million) and is probably greater than the total number of industrial workers at liberty in Russia." It is interesting to note, in evaluating comparative repression, that the highest number of persons serving sentences of penal servitude under the Tsarist régime was 32,757, in 1913.

In discussing forced labor, as in his analysis of the incredible economic bureaucracy, the author is candid without being hysterical. He calls no names, seeks no personal villains. He sees the cause of this revival of human slavery on a gigantic scale not in "the caprice of a supreme leader," but in "the specific principles upon which the Soviet state has been founded."

Who make up this enormous army of forced labor? Dr. Dallin mentions a number of categories. There are ordinary criminals, kulaks, participants in peasant uprisings, national groups exiled for "preventive" reasons, such as Poles and Finns within the Soviet frontiers, Germans from the Volga, Koreans from the Far East. There are

also over a million deportees from Eastern Poland and hundreds of thousands from the Baltic States and Bessarabia. And there are smaller groups of political prisoners, actual or suspected members of non-Communist parties and groups and Communists accused of one or another kind of heresy. Except for the ordinary criminals, few, if any, of these convict laborers have been given an open trial on charges of committing some specific offense.

III

Dr. Dallin ranges over the whole sociology of the Soviet Union. He discusses the various classes that exist, although they are based on function, not on wealth and birth. The steel band that holds the system together is the NKVD, earlier known as the OGPU, still earlier as the Cheka. Its name has been changed twice, but its absolute power of life and death over all Soviet citizens has never been abrogated. The more often it changes its title the more it remains the same thing. It is an ironical commentary on the course of the Revolution that this gigantic agency of espionage and repression should include the highest proportion of Communists. Of course, very few pre-revolutionary Communists, with some humanistic ideals of the revolutionary movement, survive. And this incongruity probably does not strike the imagination of the mass of the younger Soviet bureaucrats, whom Dallin describes as "people

under forty years of age who have never known any form of rule other than stern dictatorship, and who are accustomed to associate democracy with all sorts of evil."

Dallin is not a Trotskyist sympathizer and goes out of his way to emphasize his conviction that Trotsky's course, had he been in power, would have been little different from Stalin's. But he digs up a prediction which Trotsky voiced in 1904, when Lenin's scheme for a strictly disciplined revolutionary party was under discussion. Its clairvoyant perception of the shape of things to come speaks for itself forty years later:

In Lenin's scheme, the party takes the place of the working class. The party organization displaces the party. The Central Committee displaces the party organization. And finally the Dictator displaces the Central Committee.

There are some flaws in the book. The style is austere and the organization is a little too schematic. It seems unfortunate that there are not more reference notes, although the author's scholarship, familiarity with Soviet political and economic literature and integrity are beyond any question. Dallin's position as a political exile from his native country has not given him much opportunity for contact with flesh-and-blood representatives of the Soviet classes which he analyzes.

But, when these defects are discounted, the book is a notable contribution to a truthful and realistic understanding of the Soviet Union.

THE OPEN FORUM

SOME TRUTHS ABOUT POLAND

SIR: W. H. Chamberlin's dispassionate, fact-filled article, "Some Truths About Poland," is heartening evidence that there are still a few editors and writers prepared to speak out on the Polish-Russian problem. All too often in our much-vaunted "best informed country in the world" the basic facts about Russia's unilateral dictation to our United Nations ally have been hushed up — or stupidly confused — or disregarded in the sacred name of Allied unity.

The other day I reread Willkie's *One World*. Twice, in different chapters, he reproduces Stalin's freely announced war aims of November '42. Did Willkie perhaps sense among Russian officialdom (which tactful Willkie in one place referred to as "intransigent") the need for reminding the Russians of these high pledges?

"Abolition of racial exclusiveness, equality of nations and integrity of their territories, liberation of enslaved nations and restoration of their sovereign rights, the right of every nation to arrange its affairs as it wishes, economic aid to nations that have suffered and assistance to them in attaining their material welfare, restoration of democratic liberties, the destruction of the Hitlerite régime."

Instead of paying the slightest heed to these admirable war aims, the Russian reality (as Chamberlin describes it) is clear: Ruthless insistence on Stalin's terms, "legalized" by a Communist puppet régime ensconced in Warsaw — terms sugar-coated, to be sure, by big talk about transfer of German lands to Poland. But in stark actuality, Russia's terms are harsher than toward Hitler's satellites Rumania or Finland. Yet Poland never collaborated with the Nazis before Germany's attack in 1939, or after.

General de Gaulle at least, on his return from Moscow a few weeks back, dared to speak out: "France wants Poland herself to choose her government. Up to now have the Polish people had a chance to manifest her intentions? I do not think so."

America has got to face the facts. Or in Roosevelt's own words from his recent inaugural: "We must live as men, not as ostriches."

It is not just a boundary question, nor a

question of landlordism, nor of "unpractical Polish reactionaries." As John Chamberlain said in his review of Jan Karski's *Story of a Secret State*: "It is impossible to escape the conviction that the fate of Poland is the test of a righteous peace." And there is no reason why we Americans, merely because Russia is a magnificent military power, should refuse to see Russia's record toward a United Nations ally for what it is.

CARLTON F. WELLS

Ann Arbor, Mich.

SIR: Having just read Chamberlin's article, "Some Truths About Poland," in the February issue, I should like to make a few remarks on the subject.

It seems to me that Chamberlin has said things that needed saying for some time. I dislike Communism almost as much as I detest Nazism. Perhaps this is beside the point.

But why people should so soon forget the unprovoked attack perpetrated on Finland not many years ago and so lose themselves in love for Russia as to forget the stab in the back perpetrated on Poland at the start of the present war, is beyond me. Perhaps Stalin knew that sooner or later he would have to fight Schickelgruber and was jockeying for position, but nonetheless, the above-mentioned thrusts go down in my book as dirty pool.

We should not let the heroic resistance the Russians put up when they were finally forced to fight blind us to the all-too-evident fact that Stalin is tearing a page from the Nazi manual when he guts the countries he occupies. Is that not the way the "master race" figures to subjugate Europe and eventually the rest of the world?

Undoubtedly there are many among us who had rather whitewash the Russians and close their eyes to Russian tactics because they are, at present, our Allies. But please do not let us become so far blinded that, at some future date, we wake up to find that brother Stalin has pulled a bunch of fast ones on us, to the very great detriment of our existence as a nation.

I consider myself a liberal, but my liberality

does not extend to the point of stomaching power politics and such stuff at this of all times. Rather, to put it mildly, it gives me the "pip."

L. V. L. MILLER

Salem, Ore.

ZIEGFELD AND RERI

SIR: Apropos the treatment of Reri in the article "This Was Ziegfeld," in the February issue, I wish to state that it is rather pathetic to note the manner in which the one who wrote the article, varies from the actual facts in the case.

I have managed Reri both here and abroad for over five years, and have taken her through the entire United States as well as practically all the capitals of Europe as an interpretative artist of Tahitian dances and songs. It would appear from Mr. Sobel's meager knowledge of Reri that he gives practically no semblance of the real truth of the facts, or so distorts them, whether deliberately or with something in mind, that I am sure I will be allowed to express and vindicate her artistic career and character, which has been and still is a subject of extreme interest to the entire world.

One sees how in error the Ziegfeld writer is, when he starts off with placing her in *Typhoon*, when she was the star of the immortal all-native film *Tabu*, which was shown for many years as a cultural film throughout the world.

The real reason that Mr. Ziegfeld had difficulty in getting Reri to come to adorn the *Follies*, was her unwillingness to leave Tahiti, in "spite of Ziggy's command" as Mr. Sobel put it, which merely constituted a half a dozen telegrams, exhorting her to come.

The reason Reri could not please Mr. Ziegfeld was that Mr. Ziegfeld never bothered to establish her simple, native artistic abilities in his extravagant show, wanting as he did, merely to superpublicize the *Follies*. His "assumption of sovereign power" as Mr. Sobel states was demonstrated, but he was totally disinterested in her present and future, as were all his aides. He surrounded her with papier-mâché elephants (when there are no such animals in Tahiti) merely to make her appearance spectacular, without due regard to authenticity or her own rebuke of such tactics. He surrounded her with a modern jazz orchestra from the pit, with a modern tempo of some jazz music written by his staff writers, to which Reri, who danced only to the beat of drums and string music, had to conform against her real feelings. He never surrounded her with "native musicians" as Mr. Sobel stated, which was her desire and with which she would have performed naturally

and artistically. Nor did she "come with an entourage" — arriving with only one native girl and one native man, who acted as her interpreter. The "native musicians" referred to in the article was the lone Polynesian interpreter, who also played the guitar in his native way, and it was at my suggestion and insistence that he was allowed to come on the stage with Reri to help the bewildered native girl feel some semblance of being in a native atmosphere. Mr. Ziegfeld never paid for this musician, but Reri in her gentle heart tried to ameliorate the situation by foregoing part of her own salary.

And, because she was virtually stealing all the publicity and thunder from the galaxy of stars in the *Follies* which included such names as Harry Richman, Ruth Etting, Helen Morgan and a dozen others, Ziegfeld took her out of the show and planned to deport her immediately. He took her out temporarily, for he could not deport Reri because of my interference and establishment of her rights. She was then reinstated in the *Follies*, but given a minor part. Her soul was thoroughly crushed and she might have resulted in a total and abysmal failure, but for my guidance. Later her contract was settled, and I took Reri out of the show.

She never appeared in any "second-rate clubs," as Mr. Sobel stated. She appeared in one club in New York, the then well-known Hollywood Restaurant, a place where many of the *Follies* girls worked in the nightly shows surrounding Reri who was the star of the revue, and who appeared with an all-native set-up and musicians, which I carefully arranged. And from then on I managed her.

Two things are true in Mr. Sobel's article. The fact that Mr. Ziegfeld received a million dollars' worth of publicity and the fact that "Ziegfeld never gave another thought to the (brown) girl whom he had uprooted from her native soil" — much against her desires — only to throw her upon the impact of modern civilization without any thought as to her ultimate outcome.

It is because of Mr. Sobel's article in maligning the character of this brown girl, without due deference to her actual artistic temperament and innate native character, and because of similar contradictory articles and stories on Reri and other native artists, that a great lack of understanding is forever fostered.

There is much more to be said of Reri's great character and soul, which unfortunately Mr. Sobel and others have always missed.

MILDRED L. CANTOR

Fort Dix, N. J.

SIR: Reri is still among the living! In spite of peace and war, space and time, she's still alive!

This is the good news that thrilled me when I read Miss Cantor's letter. And if she had only replied long ago to those "similar contradictory articles and stories," I would not have worried all these years about the girl's disappearance. Nevertheless, aside from stating that Reri was in *Tabu* instead of *Typhoon*, I wouldn't change a single statement in the story I wrote about her. For Miss Cantor's comments are based on supposition and hearsay rather than facts.

In the first place, for instance, she says "that Mr. Ziegfeld had difficulty in getting Reri to come to adorn the *Follies*. This statement is totally inaccurate, for the arrangements were made months before she ever knew Reri. Reri's delay in coming here was not caused by her "unwillingness," but by the belated delivery of Ziegfeld's telegrams, a fact which can be verified through the Raymond Whitcomb Travel Agency which had charge of preliminary correspondence and transportation.

Similarly inaccurate are the assertions that "Ziegfeld never bothered to establish her native artistic abilities," and that "he was totally disinterested in her present." Both these topics Miss Cantor is incompetent to discuss, seeing that she didn't take part in the official meetings which attended Reri's debut.

Incorrect also is the comment that Ziegfeld "surrounded Reri with papier-mâché elephants." The elephants were used only in the finale of Act 1. This circumstance is noteworthy because Brooks Atkinson, then the New York *Times* critic, caused a great deal of merriment around town by mistaking them for real animals.

Continuing, Miss Cantor declares that "because Reri was virtually stealing all publicity, Ziegfeld took her out of the show." This comment is, of course, absurd, for no Broadway producer ever took a performer out of a production because she was getting too much publicity. Doing so would kill business. Besides, Reri didn't "steal the publicity." Ziegfeld gave it to her freely, only to discover that she couldn't live up to it, a fact noted specifically by some of the first-night reviewers.

And though Miss Cantor boasts of "having taken Reri through the entire United States as well as practically all the capitals of Europe," aside from mentioning the old Hollywood Restaurant, she doesn't name a single theatre here or abroad in which Reri appeared. Her endeavor to paint Reri as "bewildered" is really humorous in view of the fact that the friendly girl had a de-

lightful time going to parties, drinking gin and snuffing out cigarettes with her bare feet.

She also asserts that the article "maligned" Reri's character, whereas I merely stated that she had no talent—a truth that was demonstrated by her dismissal from the show and the fact that she never played another engagement for either a Broadway or a Hollywood producer.

Generously, Miss Cantor states that "two things are true in the article": "Mr. Ziegfeld never gave another thought to the (brown) girl" and "he received a million dollars' worth of publicity." But, oddly enough, this last sentence doesn't even appear in the article.

It seems to me, therefore, that what Miss Cantor needs more than anything else is to learn how to read accurately. There are a number of helpful works on this subject that are now on sale at the book shops. I recommend the recent *How To Read Better and Faster*, by Norman Lewis.

BERNARD SOBEL

New York City.

SIR: It was nice reading about Reri in your Ziegfeld article, but it was unfortunate that Mr. Sobel was not a bit more charitable to the beautiful half-caste. For she was a fine artiste, you know, despite the fact that she was not, on the Ziegfeld stage, what the great impresario had expected of her. Who knows but that he defeated his own purpose, by surrounding her with too many chorus girls in shiny tinsel, when all she probably needed was a grass skirt and a drum.

I missed Reri in the *Follies*, but I did see her on the stage at the Gaumont Palace in Paris, where she was superb. She was the star of the show, and danced to authentic native music and tempos, which spurred her on to wild abandon and great success,—for the "standing room only" sign was out every night. Oh, for another Reri!

WILLIAM MASTROW

Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANTI-SEMITISM

SIR: In your January issue, I read the article by Mr. Philip Wylie, "Memorandum on Anti-Semitism." I believe it is the most honest, complete and intelligent analysis of this sad problem that I have ever read. It is just a civilized man expressing a civilized opinion and it is only surprising that it is not universally shared.

Unfortunately, it is a well known fact that too great a number of persons who consider themselves decent and civilized, preserve, and what is worse, without any shame, a hatred for the

followers of the Jewish religion based on ignorance, intolerance, prepotence, and probably on the need to satisfy an innate cruelty which they would not dare to confess even to themselves. These base feelings, besides being antithetic to all concepts of humanity, decency and especially democracy, are a great danger for the welfare of the country in itself.

Governments and public opinion try their best to prevent or overcome economic, hygienic and social problems affecting the welfare of the community. I believe that any effort to improve the health of the mind and spirit of the people should be of very important concern too. In reference to the Jewish problem, volumes of literature have been written, but unfortunately, as far as we can judge from the result, they have not been very efficacious. The article of Mr. Wylie, besides being very vivid and complete, has the virtue of being brief and, consequently, more apt to be propagated.

EMANUEL CAMPAGNANO

New York City.

THE SOUTH AND THE NEGRO

SIR: In all the letters written as comment on Mr. Rutledge's article "What If The South Should Be Right?", no mention is made of how well Mr. Rutledge represents the viewpoint of the people of the South.

From my experiences and discussions with soldiers who come from all of the Southern states, I think I can say that Mr. Rutledge is, in comparison, very liberal and progressive.

Mr. Rutledge claims that at least he would like to try and help the Negro. Not so the Southerners I have talked to; they hate, despise and are afraid of the Negro. There are no thoughts in their minds of helping the Negro; if it were up to them they would get rid of them in some way. As little as they know about economics they realize that the Negro is a competitor and they think they must in some way do away with him if they are to get jobs, or farm in order to make a better living.

It is a sad and deplorable state of affairs, but the problem won't be solved by glossing over this unreasoning hatred that Southern whites, and I don't mean to leave out Northern whites, have toward the Negro.

It is indeed a shameful thing to say, in this day and age, but as much as we disagree with Mr. Rutledge, he is far ahead of his fellow Southerners in his attitude toward the Negro people.

PVT. EDWIN Z. ASTRIN

Fort Lewis, Wash.

MUSIC AND ALCOHOL

SIR: Here is an open letter to George Jean Nathan. It refers to his remarks concerning music and alcohol in the January issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*.

Dear George:

While agreeing profoundly as a professional musician with your remarks about the more or less complete absence of brains in my co-workers, I must take issue with your statement that alcohol is superior to music as a means of aesthetic pleasure.

In the first place a man takes to both alcohol and music exactly what he *has* in the way of mental capacity. If he's a dumbbell he will either get drunk or fall asleep depending on whether he's at Carnegie Hall or in a bar. In case he has something on the ball mentally he can obtain pleasure from either or both—or from any of the other arts, in exact proportion to his ability and awareness.

This of course is even more true of love, the greatest art of all.

However, the nexus of this letter is in your mention of James Huneker, that great critic and swell guy. I never met him, but as a fellow-Philadelphian I felt I knew him, and have read everything he wrote. Now Huneker illustrates my point: he combined alcohol with the arts and thereby achieved a degree of intellectual hedonism which has never been surpassed since he and his times went down what Mencken called "the awful chutes of time." I believe that Huneker would be the first to spurn your canard about music.

He would probably say: "George, you're getting brittle like Ben de Casseres. What you need is another drink and another concert." And I fancy he'd suggest that you lay off the juleps and stick to beer—Pilsener. (If you could get good beer, which you can't!)

Anyhow, the mere mention of Huneker's name gave me a great kick. Congratulations to you, and thanks, for bringing out the name of the one *complete* critic this country has known. I doubt whether anybody would publish Jim the Penman were he writing today. But his writings would, and perhaps have, supplied a liberal education to many present-day critics. I can see that you have supped liberally at his rich literary table.

May I add that, in spite of my "disagreeance" with your dictum about music, I regard you as the only living "steeplejack."

STANLEIGH MALOTTE

Birmingham, Ala.

WORDS AND SENSE

SIR: Mr. Rudolph Flesch's article "The Science of Making Sense," in the February issue, is the happiest article of the month for the one hundred and thirty million morons which constitute the people of the United States. Lawyers and the members of the Internal Revenue Bureau are of course excluded. If I had my way I would condemn that branch of humanity to address their families, friends and business acquaintances in the language they now employ to draw up our laws, rules and regulations, for ONE FULL YEAR. It might convince them that there is nothing more beautiful than our plain American language. I have condemned the fellow who drew up our Income Tax Instructions to address his wife as follows:

"Whereas the body, an instrument fully defined in section 18, paragraph q-2, is from time to time, hereinafterwards referred to as periods, in need of food (see OPA regulations FB x-3, paragraph L-II-b), and as requirements of food are made known or indicated to said body through the means of impulses originating in an organ, hereinafter called the stomach, said organ being fully defined in government manual entitled STOM, section (z), paragraphs RRX-6 and TTLB-q-n, unless differently indicated by regulations pertaining to nervous disorders (which see), it is now ordered and/or decreed that a certain action must be instituted by a person or persons, hereinafter designated or referred to as wife or spouse, which will culminate in the procurement and preparation of a certain item or items, depending on certain specific conditions not now specified, such items or item generally known or designated by the noun 'food,' the quantity and nature of such item or items, to conform with strict regards as to the period of the day, when the organ, referred to above as stomach, makes known through the means of certain and specific impulses, relayed to the instrument, heretofore designated as 'body,' that said organ or otherwise known as stomach is conditioned to the receipt of such item or items, generally known as food."

DAVID VAN LEEB

Holyoke, Mass.

THE ASTROLOGY RACKET

SIR: I have read with interest the article "The Astrology Racket" by Adolph E. Meyer, in the January issue, as well as the footnote which states that Mr. Meyer is the author of *Development of Education in the Twentieth Century*. I have not

read the latter, but a mental note on the question of what really constitutes education confronts me with a line of reasoning which I cannot resist expressing.

The proportions to which the "astrology racket" as Mr. Meyer terms it, has attained, are really quite amazing and interesting — so much so that one might almost term it another religion. His statement that "a couple of generations ago, a man who felt emotionally low or spiritually low, would turn to his pastor or his doctor for advice," while merely a statement of fact, might be construed as drawing a line between the relative importance of the two respected professions he mentions, and the numerous ideologies with which he follows up, but which, in all truth, have played their part in the development and education of mankind. In the past generations, few except the clergy were supposed to be qualified to give advice upon human problems. And who can deny how far short the clergy and the churches have fallen in filling the needs of the millions of people who have turned to them for advice? The world has moved on, and they have not kept up with it. Can one of them provide a convincing answer to the travesty upon "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men" which exists in the world today? And yet, the clergy has been for centuries, and still is a highly respected and well-paid profession, because there are still many people who need what they have to offer.

On the other hand, astrology is filling a need of millions of people who have passed the point where they can receive much help from the clergy or the churches. They are striving for something more definite — self-knowledge and independence of thought — which usually adds up to self-confidence. The people composing today's world are in many stages of development, which accounts for the various responses to the many branches of astrology which Mr. Meyer outlines in his article. Also, not necessarily all professional men, nor self-confident men, are well-educated, but their will to be well-rounded, sure and decisive, is quite apt to be strong. Still, many of them, as well as their more helpless or timid brethren, often realize their shortcomings and feel the need of a prop to aid them in their thinking.

The astrologers are undoubtedly sincere and well-intentioned, so who can assert that they are not filling a much-needed place in the world? Any profession which can help man to help himself is an honorable one, entitled to the fullest respect which it can attain, and should take its place along with the clerical and medical pro-

essions, as well as the many other schools of thought such as philosophy, psychology, psychiatry, etc. Those people who see no benefit in astrology are the ones who have reached a stage in the development of self-knowledge and self-confidence where they do not need it. But for the millions who follow it, astrology is providing a medium which helps them to think things through. In time, many of the people who are now looking to astrology for the answers to baffling questions will realize that what they are seeking lies right within themselves. On the road to that stage for everybody, many other ideologies will undoubtedly crop up and become popular.

If they will aid in achieving the result for which mankind is groping, they should not be condemned, and I believe they are entitled to whatever remuneration they are able to secure for spreading their doctrines. Few people nowadays criticize the fortunes made and spent in the theatres, because most people realize the aid which music, dancing, comedy and drama lend to individual expression. As for myself, I would say of astrologers: More power to them!

GERTRUDE C. PROUDFOOT

New York City.

SIR: In regard to your article in January issue on "The Astrology Racket": the battle rages! The author, mainly impressed with astrology's receipts, does not blast this 'science' scientifically. Many of us who refuse any planetary predestination are at a loss to substantiate our unbelief — while the followers of "Wynn" have a very impressive language with which to overwhelm the uninitiated.

Would another article be warranted? If it is all a fraud, let's be more explicit!

DRUSILLA THOMPSON

Balboa, Calif.

SIR: I'll be brief. No need to waste time or words on your type of consciousness. Why? Because you wouldn't understand.

However, the false statements appearing in Adolph Meyer's article — "The Astrology Racket" — will be like the proverbial chicken who came home — to roost.

I am writing a letter to Mr. Bennett, publisher of Wynn's magazine. Meyer's article states that Wynn sells dime horoscopes via a syndicate. This is *not* true. Hasn't been true for the past year. Marion Meyer Drew is in charge. Not Wynn! I will suggest in my note to Wynn that he

openly demand a printed apology for this lie.

Why do people of your kind belittle spiritual things constantly? Only want to give criticism. Never accept it.

FRANK T. NORTON

New York City.

THE CATHOLICS AND BIRTH CONTROL

SIR: Dr. Upham made it clear that the Catholic Church now permits one form of birth control, yet Catholic critics still insist that birth control is against God's Law. Of the many books on the Catholic method of birth control, published with ecclesiastical approbation, one is entitled *Legitimate Birth Control*. As a matter of fact there is ample evidence, both in Europe and the United States, that Catholics have practiced the prohibited "artificial" birth control to nearly the same extent as have Protestants of comparable economic and educational status, and Catholic leaders are well aware of this fact. Recent public opinion surveys indicate that a large majority of Catholics in this country approve of the proper dissemination of birth control information to married women.

KARL SAX

Professor of Botany, Harvard University.
Cambridge, Mass.

JUSTICE BLACK

SIR: It may be that Justice Hugo Black has one of the best minds on the present Supreme Court, for which most members of our profession have very little respect. Regardless of what might be said of Justice Black in the *AMERICAN MERCURY* it cannot in any way change my opinion of a man whom I have opposed actively in court and who, on several occasions, have sat across the table from for weeks at a time. I feel that I know his character and his ability. I know something about his connection with the Klu Klux Klan, although not as a fellow member. I have personally witnessed his appeal to religious prejudice and experienced his effort to convict a defendant by showing that he attended the Catholic church. I know too much of his methods at practicing law and of the type of mind that he possesses.

It so happens that I have intimate acquaintance with Justice Murphy who was a classmate of mine at the University of Michigan. If America is to follow the intellectual leadership of these men, God help us!

HARRY H. SMITH

Mobile, Ala.



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by **ROBERT V. SELIGER, M.D.**, Instructor in Psychiatry, Johns Hopkins University Medical School; Assistant Visiting Psychiatrist, Johns Hopkins Hospital; Medical Director, Haarlem Lodge, Catonsville, Md.; Medical Director, The Farm for Alcoholic Patients, Howard County, Md.; Executive Director, The National Committee on Alcohol Hygiene, Inc.

and **VICTORIA GRANFORD**, Psychotherapist and Rorschach Analyst, Haarlem Lodge, Catonsville, Md.; The Farm for Alcoholic Patients, Howard County, Md.

edited by: **HAROLD S. GOODWIN**, Day City Editor, *The Baltimore Sun*, Baltimore, Md.

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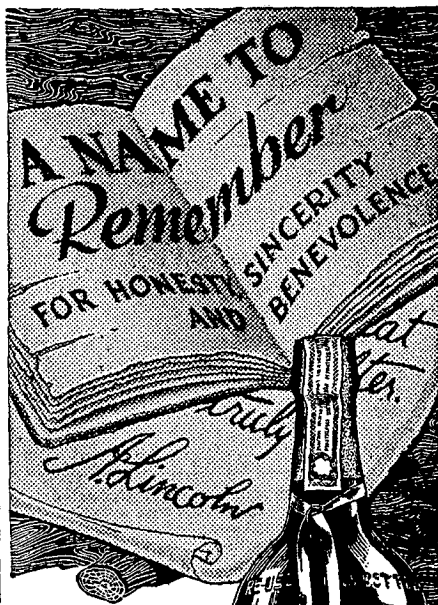
CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 389)

book provides insight into the atmosphere in which the veteran may be helped to help himself — the only one in which he can establish a way of life that will prove satisfying to him and productive for society. (Community leaders planning service-for-veterans groups might do well to read the excellent appendix which incorporates the principles formulated by the National Committee on Service to Veterans.)

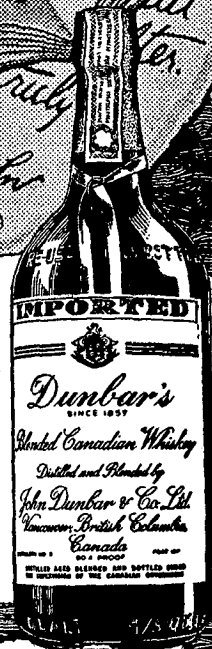
TOURIST UNDER FIRE, by Thomas E. Healy. \$3.00 Holt. This "straightforward journal of a wartime traveler" is concerned mostly with Burma and Egypt, where the author, an Australian-born reporter for the London *Daily Mirror*, was sent. Healy does little theorizing; he is not a political or military expert and does not pretend to be, yet his descriptions of Burma under English rule and of desert warfare in Egypt are vivid and enlightening. Though most of the important events of the Eastern phase of the war are included, *Tourist Under Fire* is not only an adventure story but also a frank bit of autobiography.

KOREA, FORGOTTEN NATION, by Robert Oliver. \$1.50. American Council on Public Affairs, Washington, D. C. A summation of Korea's claims to recognition as a sovereign nation, when the Allies partition the Japanese empire. Korea was the first conquest of Japan, and one the European powers condoned because at the time they themselves with flimsy excuses were busy grabbing parts of China. For fifty years, without any encouragement from outside, Koreans resisted amalgamation with Japanese and now, this book suggests, are doing an inside-job of assassination and sabotage against the Japanese fully as deserving of recognition as the highly publicized activities of the Titoists in Jugoslavia. Syngman Rhee, who has the title of president of the provisional republic of Korea, should be better known than he is; he is a man of truly heroic stature, meriting the respect of the United Nations.



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A home of your own, a better farm, a real vacation, something to retire on—these are things worth saving for. Store up your money now while prices are high. There's a time to splurge and a time to save: today, while money's coming in, is a good time—the *right* and patriotic time—to **SAVE!**

4 THINGS TO DO

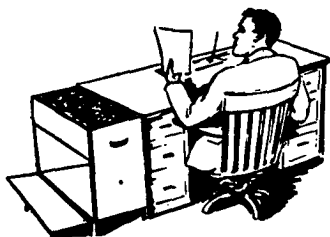
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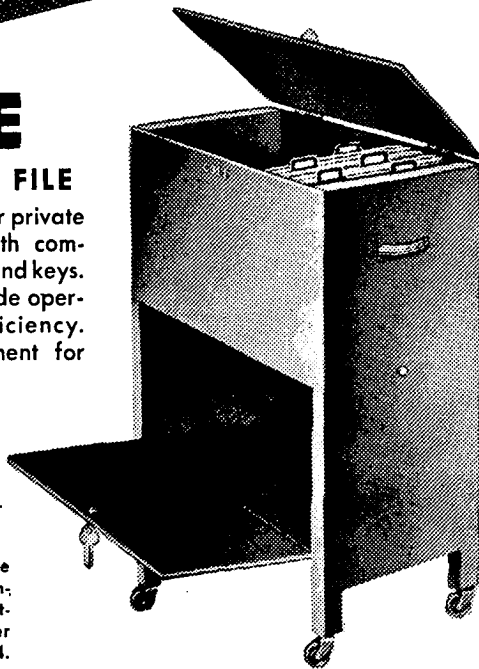
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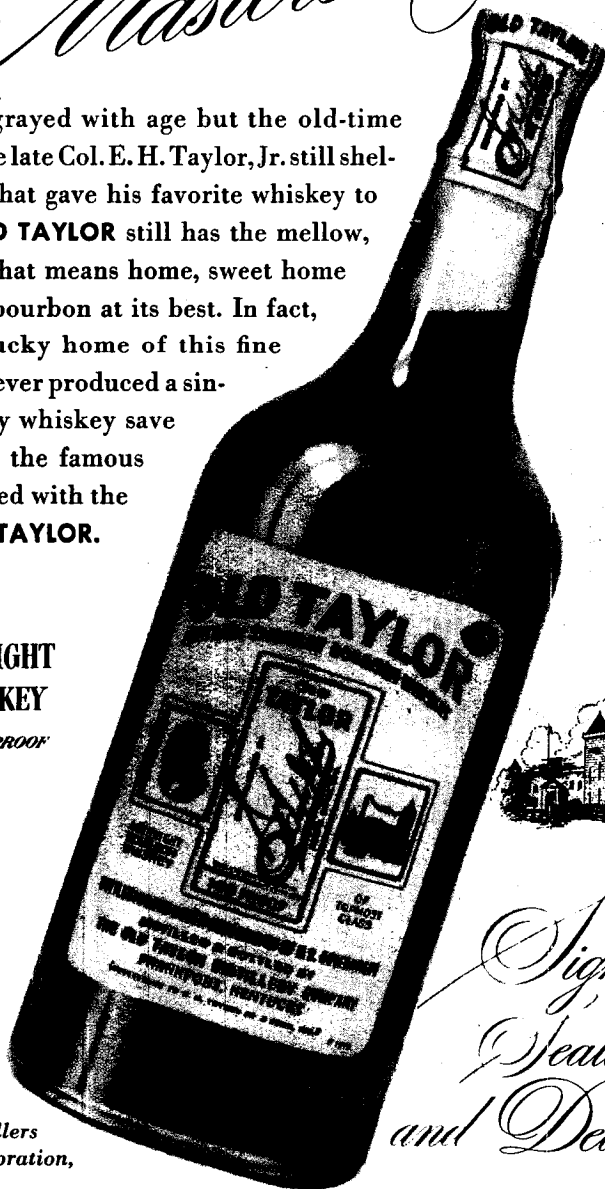
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